

THE BOURBON NEWS.

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PARIS, BOURBON CO., KY., TUESDAY, MARCH 1, 1898.

NO. 17.

C. F. BROWER & CO.

Main and Broadway,
Lexington, Ky.

First Heralds of Spring

Bloom this week on our carpet floor. Exquisite fadrics, rick in their glorious colorings. They are in advance of the first robin and long before the crocus, but they will be gladly welcomed.

Dark Old Red

with quaint old-time patterns, are woven with shades of olive and tan. Dark blue will also be one of the prevailing shades.

Brussels

At 50c, 60c, 75c, PER YARD.

Ingrains

Yield the largest return in satisfaction of any floor covering, cost considered, you can use. Our line is large, the prices varied. Here is one: A dark olive ground covered with pink and rose colored flowers at

60c PER YARD.

This is the Time

For genuine Bargains. Short pieces, odds and ends, you can BUY CHEAP.

C. F. BROWER & CO.

Carpets, Furniture, Wall Paper.
LEXINGTON, KY.

WAGONS.

I will sell at public auction, on County court-day, March 7th, 1898, on the public square, at 10:30 o'clock a. m., four

BIRDSELL WAGONS

from the assigned stock of the Whalley Hardware Co., of Cynthiana, Ky., to the highest bidder for Cash.

A. T. FORSYTH.

FRESH GROCERY STOCK. NEW T. MITCHELL, THE POPULAR GROCER,

Is daily displaying an extra choice line of Special Fancy groceries, etc. Below is mentioned some of the standard and select stock. If you want good goods, you will find just that sort at my store. I will be pleased to fill your order and assure you the very best goods to be had.

EVAPORATED FRUITS:

Peaches, Prunes, Apricots, Pears.

Chamignon's French Peas.

Shrimp, Salmon, Sardines

Pearl Hominy, Rice, Oat Meal, Rolled Oats.

Olives, Capers, Chow Chow, Tabasco Sauce.

Edam Cheese, N. Y. Cream Cheese, Pineapple Cheese.

Imported Macaroni, Domestic Macaroni

Pure Buckwheat Flour.

Pure Maple Syrup.

Nancamp Pork and Beans.

Nancamp Tomato Catsup.

Choice Celery.

Baltimore Oysters.

ISGRIG TURKEYS.

Finest Chocolate Candies.

Mixed and Stick Candies.

Almonds, Pecans, Filberts, Cream Nuts.

Loose Muscatel Raisins. London Layer Raisins. Seedless Raisins.

Citron, Figs, Dates.

NEWTON MITCHELL,

THE GROCER,

Main St., adjoining Northern Bank. - - - - - Paris, Ky.

GOSSIPY PARAGRAPHS.

Theatrical And Otherwise—Remarks In The Foyer.

FIELD & HANSON'S MINSTRELS.

Fields and Hanson's Minstrel Stars and Grand Concert Band will be the attraction at the Opera House Thursday evening. Although this will be their first visit here, a good performance may be looked forward to, for they have been strongly indorsed everywhere they have appeared since their opening early last August. In fact it has been acknowledged to be the one organization of this class that is absolutely in pace with the calendar. The program is one succession of novelties and timely hits, and includes the following: The new first part, "An Evening with the Elks," "The Golden Shower," a minstrel farce terminating with "The Dance of Dawson City's 400," a spectacular march, "The Grand Old Guard," the magnificent dancing diversion, "In the Tenderloin," and several other positive innovations.

Lexington is indeed fortunate in having so excellent a manager as Mr. Chas. Scott in charge of her theatre, for he is securing the very best attractions for their pleasure. The next notable engagement at the Lexington theatre is that of Mr. E. S. Willard, the celebrated English actor, who comes to the Opera House Saturday, March 5. Mr. Willard is supported by an excellent company. "The Middleman" will be presented and Mr. Willard will be seen in his greatest character, Cyrus Blenkan. Mr. Willard has played this character over 800 times in this country and England. The regular seat sale will open Thursday. Nat Goodwin comes on March 16th.

DeWolf Hopper and his company and Sousa's band are going to Europe to produce Sousa's opera "El Capitán."

Richard Mansfield has secured the American rights of the beautiful French play "Cyrano de Bergerac."

John Fox will give a reading to-morrow night before a Louisville audience.

Elita Proctor Otis will revive "Oliver Twist," appearing as Nancy Sikes.

Corinne has joined the Wilbur Opera Company.

Richmond wants a new opera-house.

STOCK AND TURF NEWS.

Sales and Transfers Of Stock, Crops, Etc.

Every week Mexico ships 18,000 cattle to Cuba.

Hamburg will not start in the Kentucky Derby.

R. R. Early, of Woodford, will plant 200 acres of hemp this year.

Walter Clark attended court yesterday at Flemingsburg, and A. T. Forsyth at Winchester.

The Woodford Sun says that John Ball has sold his hemp crop at \$4 per hundred, delivered at Nicholasville.

Winchester court was attended by a large crowd yesterday. About four hundred cattle on the market sold at 4 1/2 to 5 cents.

A large crowd attended court yesterday at Flemingsburg. There were few cattle on the market. Plng horses sold at fair prices.

Bales & McElwaine, of Richmond, last week shipped three fine saddle horses to Herr Frietig, at Brussels. They cost \$1,200.

Ben Holaday and Tillo will carry the top weight, 126 pounds, in the Metropolitan handicap. Dr. Catlett will carry 128 and Don de Oro 122 pounds.

Hon. Lucas Moore, Commissioner of Agriculture, says that the Kentucky wheat crop will be good this year except in the Western part of the State. A large acreage of tobacco will be planted.

Ed L. Parker sold to New York parties a saddle gelding for \$1,200. Haggard Brothers delivered to Hambrick & Jones twenty-two yearling cattle at \$4.10. Mrs. Wm. Muir sold her farm of 700 acres at White Sulphur, to Simon Weil, of Lexington, at \$22 per acre.—[Georgetown Times.

New line of baby carriages now in at J. T. Hinton's. (tf)

A new neck band is often all that is needed to make a cast-away shirt as good as new. We put them on free of charge. (tf)

BOURBON STEAM LAUNDRY.

See J. T. Hinton's of 1393 carpets and wall-papers. (tf)

Persistent Coughs

A cough which seems to hang on in spite of all the remedies which you have applied certainly needs energetic and sensible treatment. For twenty-five years that standard preparation of cod-liver oil,

SCOTT'S EMULSION

has proved its effectiveness in curing the trying affections of the throat and lungs, and this is the reason why: the cod-liver oil, partially digested, strengthens and vitalizes the whole system; the hypophosphites act as a tonic to the mind and nerves, and the glycerine soothes and heals the irritation. Can you think of any combination so effective as this?

Be sure you get SCOTT'S Emulsion. See that the man and fish are on the wrapper. 50c. and \$1.00, all druggists. SCOTT & BOWNE, New York.

We now have our new laundry running and we are turning out first-class work. Call and see samples of our work, and you will be sure to give us your work. (tf) HAGGARD & REED LAUNDRY.

FURNITURE cheaper than anybody's, at J. T. Hinton's. (tf)

Railroad Engineer

Testifies to Benefits Received From Dr. Miles' Remedies.



THERE is no more responsible position on earth than that of a railroad engineer. In his steady nerves, clear brain, bright eye and perfect self command, depend the safety of the train and the lives of its passengers. Dr. Miles' Nervine and other remedies are especially adapted to keeping the nerves steady, the brain clear and the mental faculties unimpaired.

Engineer F. W. McCoy, formerly of 1233 Broadway, Council Bluffs, but now residing at 3411 Humboldt St., Denver, writes that he "suffered for years from constipation, causing sick, nervous and bilious headaches and was fully restored to health by Dr. Miles' Nerve and Liver Pills. I heartily recommend Dr. Miles' Remedies."

Dr. Miles' Remedies are sold by all druggists under a positive guarantee, first bottle benefits or money refunded. Book on diseases of the heart and nerves free. Address, DR. MILES MEDICAL CO., Elkhart, Ind.

THE latest styles of soft and stiff hats. From 50 cents to \$5, have arrived at Price & Co.'s, clothiers. (tf)

THE Northwestern's dividends to policy-holders are unequalled, and to procure Northwestern dividends you must carry Northwestern insurance. tf



W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE Best in the World.

For 14 years this shoe, by merit alone, has distanced all competitors. W. L. Douglas \$3.50, \$4.00 and \$5.00 shoes are the productions of skilled workmen, from the best material available at these prices. Also \$2.50 and \$3.00 shoes for men, \$2.50, \$3.00 and \$1.75 for boys and youths. W. L. Douglas shoes are endorsed by over 150,000 persons as the best in style, fit and durability of any shoe ever offered at the price. They are made from the best shapes and styles, and are of the quality of leather. If desired, send for circular.

1740 ACRES

OF RICH BOURBON LAND AT PUBLIC SALE.

The undersigned assignees of William Tarr will sell publicly, to the highest bidder, on

THURSDAY, MARCH 3d, 1898,

at the residence of William Tarr, on the Maysville & Lexington turnpike, five miles East of Paris and three miles West of Millersburg, at 12 m., Standard Time, the following desirable Bourbon County lands:

TRACT No. 1—A tract containing 229.43 ACRES,

situated on the Paris & Jackstown turnpike road and adjoining the lands of R. G. Stoner, formerly the Bowles tract, and Mrs. Megibben, Campbell and the Ayres Farm, being a part of the Ayres and Turner Farm.

TRACT No. 2—A tract containing 309.46 ACRES.

It fronts on the South side of the Paris & Jackstown Turnpike, opposite the Bowles or Stoner land, and adjoining the land of John H. Roseberry and R. G. Stoner, and a dirt road. Said tract will be offered in two parcels and as a whole. The first parcel contains 132.56 acres and lays fronting on the pike and adjoining the Stoner land. The second parcel contains 176.9 acres, fronts on said pike and adjoins the land of J. H. Roseberry and a dirt road. This is known as the "Goodman Farm."

TRACT No. 3—A tract containing 207.92 ACRES.

This tract lays on the West side of the Turnpike and road which leads from the Maysville & Lexington turnpike to the Paris & Jackstown turnpike, is near Tarr's Station on the Lexington & Maysville Branch of the L. & N. Railroad, and adjoins the lands of Moran, Cantrill, Fisher farm and Hibler, being part of the Miller farm, Ireland land and Barton.

Said tract will be offered in four parcels and as a whole. The second parcel contains 51.33 acres and is on the North end of the tract, fronts on the road, and adjoins the lands of Moran and Cantrill. The third parcel contains 73.69 acres and adjoins the lands of Cantrill, Fisher farm and Hibler, and parcel No. 4. Parcel No. 4 contains 44.7 acres fronts on the road, is next South of parcel No. 2, East of parcel No. 3 and North of parcel No. 5. Parcel No. 5 contains 38.2 acres, fronts on the road, is South of parcel No. 4 and adjoins the land of Hibler.

TRACT No. 4—A tract containing 409.64 ACRES.

This tract is situated on the East side of the turnpike and road leading from Maysville & Lexington Turnpike to Paris & Jackstown Turnpike, and consists of part of the Miller, Turner, Motch, and Harmon Ayres lands. It is bounded by the road above named and the lands of Stoner, tract No. 1, Campbell, Hunter, Ball, Link and Gamble.

This tract will be offered in two parcels and as a whole. Parcel one contains 215.75 acres and is the Motch land and a part of the Ayres land, including all the improvements, and adjoins the lands of Campbell, Hunter, Ball, Link and Gamble, and parcel two. A right-of-way to this tract will be reserved over parcel two.

Parcel 2 contains 193.89 acres, fronts on the pike and road above referred to and adjoins the land of Stoner, tract No. 1, parcel one and Gamble. A right-of-way reserved over this parcel to parcel 1.

TRACT No. 5—A tract containing 503.13 ACRES.

This tract is known as the "W. W. Fisher Farm" and is situated on the South side of the Maysville & Lexington Turnpike, fronting thereon 146 1/2 poles, and is on the Maysville & Lexington Branch of the L. & N. R. R., 3 1/2 miles from Paris.

The residence and surrounding improvements and ways of travel make this one among, and it has always been so esteemed, the desirable homes in Kentucky. All persons wanting such a home are requested to call and examine this place, as space will not allow in its commendation a tithe of what it is justly entitled to.

TRACT No. 6—A tract containing 81.72 ACRES.

This is a part of the house farm opposite to the improvements thereon, fronts on the Maysville & Lexington Turnpike for a distance of 116 poles, and on the Tarr Turnpike for a distance of 100 poles.

GENERAL DESCRIPTION.

It is believed that there are very few, if any, farm lands in the famed Blue

Grass region of Kentucky, which surpass these lands in location and fertility. It is safe to say that these lands will produce of the very best of the many products for which this county is so favorably known—grasses and cereals of all kinds, hemp, tobacco, vegetables and fruits. They are all in the very highest state of cultivation, having on them natural woodlands of fine timber, both ornamental and useful; well watered, on the best of Turnpikes, the National road, on the railroad, near the county-seat. This is the sale, of all others, that have been made that should excite the earnest attention and consideration of every man who wants a home, or has capital to invest where it will be safe beyond question, and with almost a certain enhancement in value. The sale is absolute, and the title perfect. The purchaser will have more than thirty days between sale and the action of the Court to examine title and see that all is as represented to be. All of said property is described by metes and bounds in the judgment and surveys and plats of all of it will be found with William Tarr at his residence, who will take pleasure in showing them and the lands to prospective purchasers.

ON FRIDAY, MARCH 4th, 1898,

at the Court House door, in Paris, Kentucky, at

2 O'CLOCK, P. M., we will sell two houses and lots located in Paris.

One, the store-room on Main Street, now occupied by Newton Mitchell, adjoining the Northern Bank, extending from Main Street to Pleasant Street. The other, the lot on Main Cross or Third Street, fronting thereon 175 feet and extending back 189 feet on the railroad, known as the "Lumber Yard of Paris."

TERMS—Said property will be sold in three equal payments, the first due as soon as sale is confirmed by Court, say April 4th, 1898; two, twelve months from day of sale; three, twenty-four months, or the whole may be paid on confirmation of sale. The purchaser will be required to execute bonds with approved security, bearing interest from date, and having the force and effect of a judgment. A failure by any one purchaser to meet any of his bonds at maturity may, at the option of the holder, mature all the bonds of such purchaser.

At place of selling the farm lands a lot of personal property, consisting of stock and farm implements, will be sold. This sale will begin at 9:30 a.m. For particulars see small bills.

R. P. & J. S. STOLL, ASSIGNEES OF WM. TARR.

J. Q. WARD, Attorney.
A. T. FORSYTH, Auctioneer.

Your Life Insured—In a Day.

OUR insurance is protected by bankable paper on the Capital City Bank of Columbus, O. There can be no stronger guarantee given you. We dare not use a bank's name without authority, if you doubt it, write them. Good health is the best life insurance. Wright's Celery Capsules gives you good health, they cure Liver, Kidney and Stomach trouble, Rheumatism, Constipation and Sick Headaches. 100 days' treatment costs 10c a day. A sight draft on above bank, in every \$1 box, which brings your money back if we fail to cure you. Sold by W. T. Brooks, druggist.

W. S. Anderson, Of Peck, P. O., Pike Co., O., Recommends Wright's Celery Capsules.

Gents—I have purchased a box of Wright's Celery Capsules from James T. Blaser, druggist, Waverly, O., and used them for Stomach Trouble and Constipation. I was unable to do anything for nearly two years. I used three boxes of your Celery Capsules and they have cured me. For the benefit of others so afflicted I wish to send this letter.

Very truly yours,
W. S. ANDERSON.
Sold by all druggists at 50c. and \$1 per box. Send address on postal to the Wright Med. Co., Columbus, O., for trial size, free.

"Tried on foot and not found wanting."

Neat, Stylish, Strong.



Boys' Shoes

should possess all three of these qualities. You will find them in our shoes for boys, and at prices that are low

\$1.25, \$1.50, \$2.00.

Rion & Clay.

SINKING IN MUD.

The Wreck of the Maine is Slowly Settling.

The Court of Inquiry Continues Its Investigation.

The Tug Right Arm Will Salvage Small Portions of the Wrecked Maine.

Americans in Havana Treated With Kindness by the Citizens.

Neither the Officers of the Court of Inquiry Nor the Witnesses Will Give the Slightest Indication of the Testimony or the Conclusions Formed From It.

HAVANA, Feb. 25.—The court of inquiry held its usual sessions Thursday. Capt. Sampson reports that Chaplain Chidwick was examined as to his personal experiences at the time of the disaster to the Maine, and that the testimony was taken of the captain of a Spanish bark in the harbor and the superintendent of the West Indian oil works, across the bay at Regla, both of whom witnessed the explosion. Mr. Rolf, the British engineer of the floating dock in the harbor, wrote a letter to the court, but did not add anything material to what was known. At the afternoon session the divers were examined more fully than before. Their testimony is taken from day to day. The court expects now to finish here Thursday and to sail on the Mangrove for Key West, where the other officers and men will be examined.

The wrecking tug Right Arm did not go north, as was expected, Wednesday. She is now moored beside the poop of the wreck and will save the smaller portions as far as possible in advance of the arrival of other tugs with better facilities for heavy work.

HAVANA, Feb. 25.—The coast survey steamer, A. D. Bache, after many delays, left for Dry Tortugas Thursday afternoon with three wounded, all doing well. Owing to the American quarantine regulations, the wounded, having been in hospitals here and exposed to fever, must be taken to hospitals in the Tortugas for quarantine. The names of the wounded on the Bache are:

John Heffron, of Freemanstown, N. J.; Thos. J. Waters, of Philadelphia, and Jeremiah Shea, of Haverhill, Mass.

The other wounded were doing well late Thursday night. Even Holzer, though sorely wounded, is better, and is making a gallant fight for life. No bodies were recovered Thursday from the wreck. Recent orders from Capt. Sigsbee strictly forbid all officers of the Maine to give out any information except to those officially empowered to ask it. The order is generally understood to apply to all official matters though some think it affects only matters connected with the disaster.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 25.—Rumors of startling discoveries in the wreck of the Maine were less frequent but there were enough of them still afloat Thursday to warrant Secretary Long in making this statement to the newspaper men as he left his office:

"Summing up the situation, I should say that the navy department knows Thursday nothing more about the cause of the disaster than it did five minutes after the receipt of the first dispatch from Capt. Sigsbee."

Capt. Sigsbee's statement that the divers have been down aft seven days and forward four days, gave the navy department the first information of the time that the divers had been in the vicinity of the "zone of explosion," as he has termed it. This zone is confined to the forward part of the ship, and while the divers have been down aft for the last week, their work forward in the vicinity of the large magazine has been in progress only four days, which presumably began on Monday and included Thursday.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 25.—The Evening Star has received the following cablegram from Mr. Charles M. Pepper, its staff correspondent in Cuba:

At this writing divers are developing important results. From examination of the interior wreckage they have secured evidence which seems conclusive that the explosion came from underneath the ship.

Some of the smaller magazines may have exploded. The main ten-inch magazine did not explode. The condition of the interior of the ship shows further probability of the wreck having been due to outside force.

The further the investigation progresses the more untenable becomes the theory which the Spanish government adduced to show accidental cause. It is evident the Spanish cause will be based on the claim that a fire preceded the explosion.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 26.—In view of the widely published report that the harbor of Havana contains a system of submarine mines, a statement around which has centered the chief public interest in connection with the disaster to the battle ship Maine, Senator Du Bose, Spanish charge d'affaires at Washington, Friday night made a reporter the following statement, which, coming from such authority, may be considered an official denial:

"I wish to state on my own official knowledge that no mine exists inside or outside of Havana harbor; nor is there any sub-marine defense of any kind. The report is so absolutely false and ridiculous that it could only have originated in the minds of those persons anxious to incite the evil passions of both nations for their own miserable ends. I consider the very suggestion of such a thing an insult to Spain."

The friends of the victims of the

Maine disaster have discovered that they can not have their bodies brought to this country in cases where they have already been interred. This is due to the fact that the Spanish laws forbid the exhumation of corpses until the expiration of the period of five years after burial.

The prohibition had its origin in the fear of infection from contagious diseases. Some applications have already been made to have bodies brought to the United States by private individuals and they have encountered this obstacle.

Whether an effort will be made to have it removed is not yet apparent.

HAVANA, Feb. 26.—The wreck of the Maine is slowly but surely sinking into the mud. Before the hull could be raised it would be necessary to remove the guns and deck debris. For lack of proper appliances practically nothing in this line has been accomplished. Aside from the officers and cabin effects the salvage thus far has been pitifully small. The cloudy weather and rain made the work of the divers unsatisfactory Friday and very little was done. It is said that a hole has been made by the divers in one of the forward hatches, and it is hoped that a number of bodies will be recovered. The court of inquiry sat longer than usual Friday, the six divers being examined more in detail than heretofore. The time of the departure of the Mangrove with the court for Key West has not been determined. Capt. Sampson said Friday that it was doubtful whether his vessel would sail Saturday; that all depended on the developments of the testimony.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 26.—In spite of the stories that come from unofficial sources in Havana as to sensational developments in connection with the work of the divers in the Maine's hull, the administration remains firm in its statement that there is no credible evidence one way or the other as to the cause of the disaster and holds to its purpose to await the conclusion of the investigation now making by the court of inquiry. This position was emphasized at Friday's cabinet meeting. People who looked for some startling announcement were disappointed, as the members without reservation frankly admitted that the subject of the loss of the Maine had been discussed, but said the government had received no information from Havana since Thursday, and had no intention of changing its policy until there was something of substance to warrant it. The Spanish legation was equally in the dark as to any of the discoveries reported from sources that are not cited, as was shown by the message from Capt. Gen. Blanco.

HAVANA, Feb. 26.—The United States light house tender Mangrove is still here and the naval court of inquiry continued its usual sessions Friday. Its members hoped to get away to Key West late Friday evening or early Saturday morning, but they are not sure which it will be. It is probable that the testimony of the civilian witnesses did not add to the courts knowledge of the circumstances attending the explosion, of the causes of which these witnesses could know nothing, as they were quite a distance away at the time of the occurrence.

The wounded were reported to be doing well Friday.

The Merritt & Chapman Derrick and Wrecking company's tug, Right Arm, is again at work removing such parts of the wreck as it is possible to handle in advance of the arrival of the stronger tugs and derricks from the north.

It is believed the divers from the fleet and the Right Arm will remain at work when the Mangrove leaves. The Fern will be the only United States vessel in the harbor after the Mangrove goes. The public generally will be excluded from official vessels, especially the Mangrove, and a card will have to be presented by the correspondents before admission is given them.

HAVANA, Feb. 26.—Twenty unknown bodies of the crew were recovered from the wreck by the divers at noon Friday. The bodies were frightfully burned and mangled, and it may be impossible to ever identify some of them. Holzer, who made such a brave fight, died in the hospital Friday. All the wounded will leave here Sunday on the Bache for Key West. The physicians consider it safe to move them now.

THE SPANIARDS

Will Not Submit to the Powers the Arbitration of the Cuban Troubles.

MADRID, Feb. 28.—Senator Sagasta, commenting upon an alleged interview with Prince Bismarck, in which the latter is represented as suggesting that the Cuban trouble should be submitted to the powers for arbitration, expressed his astonishment that such an idea could emanate from Prince Bismarck and declared emphatically that "nothing but ignorance of the question could inspire the notion that Spain would suffer foreign intrusion or submit to arbitration in her indisputable rights of sovereignty."

"Nobody," said the Spanish premier, "would dare propose such an absurdity and no Spanish government would listen or dream of such proposal."

The impartial in an editorial Sunday blames Spanish weakness in the Alliance, Venito, Competitor, and other affairs as encouraging the United States in "their present bellicose attitude."

It counsels the government to "awake to the reality of a situation which the good sense of Spanish people understands and is ready to meet."

SECRETARY LONG

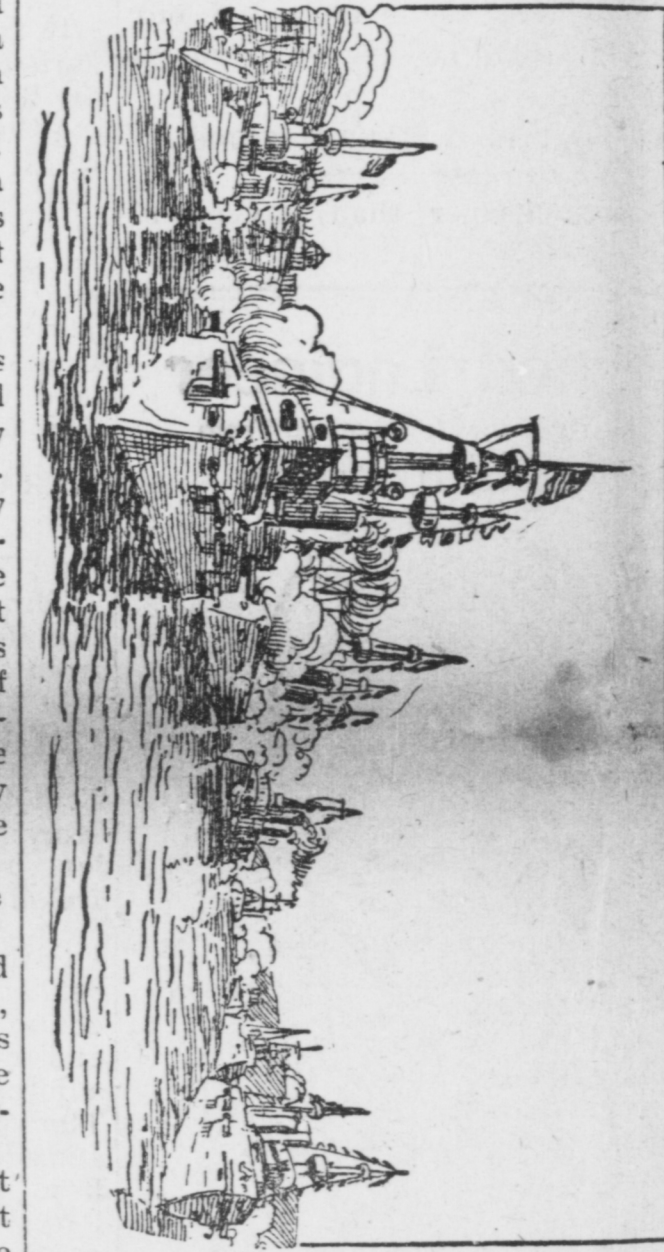
Advises the Public Not to Be Under Misapprehensions With Regard

To the Naval Preparations of Late—The Warlike Movements Have Mostly Been the Ordinary Dispositions Which Are Made From Time to Time.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 28.—Secretary Long enjoyed a sound sleep Friday night, the first he has had for some time, and in consequence he felt so refreshed Saturday morning that he decided to abandon his proposed absence from the navy department and continue at his duties. So he was early at his desk and in consultation with Assistant Secretary Roosevelt and Capt. Crowninshield, chief of the navigation bureau. As to the outlook he said he thought things were looking much better. He said the public ought not to be under any apprehension with regard to naval movements; that so far they had mostly been the ordinary dispositions which are made from time to time; for instance, the shipping of guns to New York to supply the Chicago and other vessels which are under reconstruction there, and they would go in any event. The gun factory at Washington is where they are made, and they are sent to various points as the occasion requires. So too the call for more men, he said, is simply the revival of the recommendation in his annual report.

This statement by the secretary evidently was made to allay the impression caused by the reports of heavy shipments of guns from the Washington navy yard and other warlike measures. The movements of some of the warships, such as the Detroit and Marblehead toward Key West, had already been shown to have been in accordance with orders not only made but published in the newspapers as well before the Maine disaster, so that the secretary's explanation on this point is only confirmatory of the statements of the subordinate officials of the navy department.

The telegraph brought news Saturday morning of the arrival at Key West of the two vessels namely, the Detroit, coming from Mobile, where she was sent to participate in the Mardi Gras festivities, and the Marblehead,



UNITED STATES FLEET IN TORTUGAS BAY.

from New Orleans, where she went for a similar purpose. The Detroit is going up to the naval station to take on coal and both vessels will remain attached to the North Atlantic squadron. It is again stated at the navy department that the Montgomery, which has been ordered to drop down to Key West from Tampa, where she landed Capt. Crowninshield, has not, as yet, received any orders to proceed to Havana and it is not decided yet when the orders will issue, if at all.

The house judiciary committee has made a favorable report on the Henderson bill concerning the jurisdiction of United States courts.

The house committee on patents has favorably reported the Corliss bill extending the trademark privileges to casks, bottles and other receptacles.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 28.—China has at last been supplied with a money order system, and the regulations have been reported to the state department by United States Minister Denby at Peking.

TEN DEAD.

The Result of the Explosion in the Hall Chemical Laboratory at Kalamazoo.

KALAMAZOO, Mich., Feb. 28.—The total number of known dead as the result of Saturday night's explosion in the Hall Chemical Laboratory is ten. Eight persons were seriously injured and six others received lesser wounds.

The bodies of Eugene Dole and William Wagner, both firemen, were taken from the ruins Sunday. Early Sunday morning a force of men was set at work and at noon the mangled body of Joseph Clifford, a laundry employee was found. Other bodies supposed to be in still the building are two boys, Phillips and West, and a Michigan Central brakeman are missing.

Big Guns for the Pacific Coast.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 28.—Two more big guns, each a ten-inch rifle, have arrived from the east for the Presidio fortifications. The guns will be placed in position with all possible speed in view of the disquieting rumors prevalent. During the past six days large quantities of ammunition have been stored in the magazines at the Presidio and at Lime Point.

The Terror Anchors Off Tompkinsville. NEW YORK, Feb. 28.—The monitor Terror passed in at quarantine at 12:50 Monday morning and anchored off Tompkinsville at 1:05.

A COSTLY SMOKE.

National Tobacco Warehouse, Louisville, Burned—Three Men Were Seriously Injured, Two of Whom May Die—Loss About \$1,000,000.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Feb. 26.—Picking, drying and steaming warehouses of the National Tobacco Co., situated at Twenty-fourth and Main streets, were totally destroyed by fire Friday morning. The loss will amount to \$1,000,000, fully covered by insurance. Mr. W. B. Duke, of New York, president of the American Tobacco Co., of which the National Tobacco Co., of Louisville, is a branch, is in the city and witnessed the destruction of his property. He said that it would be at once rebuilt.

The fire was discovered at 8 o'clock on the second floor of the building used for drying purposes. Three alarms called the entire department to the scene, and although the firemen worked heroically they could do little less than save the property adjoining, as the three big buildings which occupy nearly the entire square between Twenty-fourth and Twenty-fifth and Main and Market streets were seen to be inevitably doomed.

From the three-story drying building the flames spread rapidly west to the four-story warehouse and east to the three-story steaming house. In the building which first caught 200 hands, mostly women and children, were employed, but the majority of these escaped safely, only a few being slightly injured, as did 200 who were at work in the steaming building. In the four-story warehouse 1,000 men were at work, but they had plenty of time to escape.

Three men were hemmed in by the flames and all were more or less injured before they could make their egress from the burning plant.

The injured are: George Tishendorff, foreman picking department, back injured and severe injuries about head and chest; William Semple, picker, skull fractured; John Packham, both legs broken and internally injured. Semple and Packham will probably die.

The flames gained rapid headway and the fire department was hindered to a great degree by a lack of water, seven engines being at one time useless. Falling walls added to the danger of the work, and the escape of some of the firemen was all but miraculous.

When the alarm of fire was sounded in the picking department the employees of this building began to make their escape in an orderly manner, but George Tishendorff, foreman of two of the floors, and John Packham and William Semple remained too long in the burning building and were forced to jump for their lives. Packham and Semple sustained injuries which will probably result in their death.

Fourteen hundred men, women and children are thrown out of employment. The origin of the fire is unknown. The night watchman, Lewis Leach, said that he left the building to go home at 6 o'clock, and that everything was all right then. The force of employees go to work at 6:30 and it was not until after they had been at work about two hours and a half that the fire was discovered.

The loss will be in the neighborhood of \$1,000,000.

THE VIZCAYA

Leaves New York Harbor, Much to the Relief of Naval Officers—Capt. Eulate's Message.

NEW YORK, Feb. 26.—The Spanish warship Vizcaya, under orders delivered to Capt. Eulate Thursday, sailed from New York Friday afternoon.

Just before the Vizcaya was ready to sail Capt. Eulate released a carrier pigeon with a message. The message read: "By this emblem of peace I send good-bye. I have enjoyed my visit very much. I hope I shall see my friends in New York again."

"EULATE."

The navy-yard tug Nina, on guard off Tompkinsville, was saluted by the



CAPT. EULATE.

cruiser with three blasts of the whistle, which were returned. The Nina and the police-boat patrol accompanied the cruiser down the bay. The Vizcaya rapidly left the accompanying tugs behind.

The national standard of Spain floated at half mast from a small gaff on the main mast, and she did not salute the forts at the Narrows when passing out.

When she reached Sandy Hook she ran her flag to her peak. Passing out of the Hook she turned to the southward. Naval officers and others who saw her go experienced a feeling of great relief.

Lady Abbott Dead.

MONTREAL, Feb. 26.—Lady Abbott, widow of Sir John C. Abbott, five years ago premier of Canada, died suddenly Friday.

Knocked Out in Twelve Rounds.

NEWCASTLE, Eng., Feb. 25.—In a 20-round contest between Will Curley, of Birmingham, and Billy Murphy, the Australian, for a purse of \$875 and a side bet of \$500, at Gwinette's circus Friday night, Curley knocked the Australian out in 12 rounds.

Visible Supply of Cotton.

NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 26.—Secretary Hester, in his weekly cotton statement, estimates the world's visible supply of cotton at 4,367,214 bales against 4,411,196 last week and 3,823,322 last year. Of the former amount 4,119,214 bales are American cotton.

Catarrah Cannot Be Cured

With Local Applications, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quick medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. Sold by all druggists, price 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Legal Wit.

"What's the matter there?" said the judge to the defendant in the suit, who had just been released from the witness stand, and was rummaging amongst the jury.

"I've lost my hat," replied the defendant, in an injured tone.

"Perhaps Mr. H— has it," said the defendant's counsel, indicating the counsel for the other side.

"Not I," replied that gentleman, "but I hope to have his whole suit before we get through."—Chicago Tribune.

Sound Money Discussions.

Between now and next presidential election there will be hosts of discussions of the questions of "sound money" and silver. However opinions may be divided on these points, there is but one public and professional opinion, and that is a favorable one, regarding the merits of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters as a remedy for and preventive of malaria, as well as a curative of kidney complaint, dyspepsia, constipation, liver trouble and rheumatism.

Bad Investment.

Mrs. Holden—John, we'll never be able to save a cent if you don't quit being so extravagant.

Mr. Holden—Why, my dear, I'm not at all extravagant.

"Yes, you are. There's that accident policy you bought nearly a year ago, and you haven't used it once; if that isn't extravagance I don't know what it is."—Chicago Evening News.

THROUGH TOURIST SLEEPERS

To Portland, Ore., for Puget Sound Business via Burlington Route.

WEDNESDAYS from St. Louis, THURSDAYS from Kansas City via Denver, scenic Colorado, Salt Lake—a great feature—PERSONALLY CONDUCTED. The success of the season for general northwest travel. Write L. W. WARELEY, G. P. A., St. Louis, Mo.

What Puzzled Him.

The most ignorant man in America lives in St. Louis. The other day he asked his employer, who was reading a paper: "Say, boss, which does you read, the black or the white?"—Kansas City Star.

Oh, What Splendid Coffee.

Mr. Goodman, Williams Co., Ill., writes: "From one package Salzer's German Coffee Berry costing 15c I grew 300 lbs. of better coffee than I can buy in stores at 30 cents a lb."

A package of this and big seed catalogue is sent you by John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., upon receipt of 15-cent stamp and this notice. Send for same to-day. K 5

As Advertised.

The Lady—Can you match this piece of ribbon?

The Gent—No, lady. You may remember that it was one of the matches bargains we ran last Monday.—Indianapolis Journal.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure, 25c.

Don't run from a bore; he is probably keeping you from boring somebody else.—Chicago Record.

Clove—An article used in the manufacture of a counterfeit breath.—Chicago Daily News.

Piso's Cure is the medicine to break up children's Coughs and Colds.—Mrs. M. G. Blunt, Sprague, Wash., March 8, '94.

Be careful how you grasp an opportunity; it is often terribly hard to let go.—Chicago Record.

Why suffer with an ache or pain When St. Jacobs Oil will cure? Why?

Flag-raising is one of our standard industries.—Chicago Daily News.

Rapture. Sure cure. Book free. Write for it to S. J. Sherman, Specialist, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

The principles of acoustics are sound doctrines.—Chicago Daily News.

Frost-bites are like burns, and both are cured by St. Jacobs Oil promptly.

Cheek—Something that a man has a great deal of when it covers an acher.—Chicago Daily News.



ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50 cent bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for anyone who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

America's Greatest Medicine

GREATEST, Because it does what all other medicines fail to do. As an instance of its peculiar and unusual curative power, consider the most insidious disease, and the disease which taints the blood of most people, producing incalculable suffering to many, while in others it is a latent fire liable to burst into active and produce untold misery on the least provocation.

Scrofula is the only ailment to which the human family is subject, of which the above sweeping statement can honestly be made. Now, a medicine that can meet this common enemy of mankind and repeatedly effect the wonderful cures Hood's Sarsaparilla has, clearly has the right to the title of America's Greatest Medicine.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5.

Hood's Pills act harmoniously with Hood's Sarsaparilla, 25c.



Five-Finger Exercise, No. 3.

The "Estey" tone is proverbial, rich, deep, pure and full, and it ought to be. Fifty years' experience in tone production is to be found in every Estey Organ sent from the factory.

Our five-pointed discolors complete with catalogue sent free.

Estey Organ Co., Brattleboro, Vt.

A perfect type of the highest order of excellence.



Walter Baker & Co.'s

Breakfast Cocoa

ABSOLUTELY PURE.

Delicious—Nutritious.

COSTS LESS THAN ONE CENT A CUP.

Be sure you get the genuine article made at Dorchester, Mass., by

WALTER BAKER & CO. LTD.

ESTABLISHED 1780.

ALABAMA LADIES

DON'T LIE

Mrs. W. A. Garrett

Oak Lowery, Ala., writes:

Have used Dr. M. A. Simmons Liver

Medicine in my family for 10 years, with

good results. I think it is stronger than

"Zeilin's" or "Black Draught."

Cramps

Are caused by an irritation of the nerves.

They are local spasms, frequently the result

of uterine diseases. There are pinching,

gnawing and contractive pains in the region

of the stomach extending to the back and

chest. They are often the symptom and

effect of indigestion. Dr. M. A. Simmons

Liver Medicine should be used to stimu-

late the digestive organs and Dr. Simmons

Squaw Vine Wine to give immediate relief

and permanent cure.

After the old proprietors of the article

now called "Black Draught" were by the

United States Court enjoined from using

the words constituting our trade name—

does not equity require that they stand on

their own trade name and merits (if any) of

their article, and not seek to appropriate

THE PRIME OF LIFE.

Oh, bless the glad sun's warmth and light!
Away, my love, we'll wander,
To where the larch shines green and bright
Against the dim wood yonder.

The young shoots sprout so fast to-day,
The old oak leaves are falling,
And from the coppice far away
I hear the cuckoo calling.

Hark! there among the high elm trees
The thrush sings where he settles;
And see, below, anemones
Put forth their blushing petals.

Does not the poet tell how spring
Affects a young man's fancy?
And so my heart turns, while I sing,
To love and you, my Nancy.

Each step new charms does nature add,
New beauties still discovers,
To make this old world young and glad
For us, young, happy lovers.

Ours is the joy the lark feels there
Tuning his song to madness.
"Thank God that we are young, who share
And feel the young year's gladness."

Then let our years be sad or gay,
And be they few or plenty,
Yet, sweetheart, we'll forget to-day
We have been wed for twenty!

—Marshall Steele, in Black and White.

A CLEW BY WIRE

Or, An Interrupted Current.

BY HOWARD M. YOST.

Copyright, 1896, by J. B. Lippincott Co.

CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED.

The sound of the voice was intermittent. There would be a few words, then a pause, and so on. I could make no sense of the few disjointed sentences. It lasted but a few minutes. Indeed, so brief was the conversation, if that is what it was, there was no time to make an investigation.

After a long period of anxious listening I settled down again for sleep. And when at last slumber came, it was troubled. Vague, shadowy dreams flitted across my consciousness, and through them all was a sort of premonition of future events, which seemed to have a bearing upon the robbery.

The next morning I was awakened by the sun shining in my face. Hardly had I got my eyes open and my senses aroused to my new surroundings, when a loud and long-continued thumping on the front door caused me to spring out of bed. Hastily donning a few garments, I went to the door and opened it.

Mrs. Snyder was standing there, and an unmistakable look of relief came over her face when she saw me.

"Ach my! you sleep so sound I was afraid somesing de matter!" she said. "Breakfast is retty long time alretty."

"All right. I'll be right over and eat it," I replied.

While I was dressing the recollection of the strange voice of the last night came to me. Now, in the broad glare of the forenoon, when all mystery takes flight and the hallucinations of the darkness become trivial, I wondered if my imagination had played me a trick. It seemed as though I had heard the voice in a dream, so unreal did the circumstance appear now.

I was standing by the huge chimney, when again, breaking in upon my thoughts, came the sound of that mysterious small voice.

As on the night before, there were no completed sentences; only a word between pauses of various duration. The sounds were plainer, however; not louder, but more distinct.

Here was a mystery indeed, one which did not choose only the shades of night for its manifestations, but came in the daytime, as though possessed of such subtle and unaccountable qualities that it might defy research.

After the voice had ceased, and I continued my toilet, the sound of talking, coming from the walk outside, reached me.

I glanced out of the window, and saw Sarah and Mrs. Snyder again in most earnest conversation.

Somewhat surprised to see my old nurse so early in the day, I called to her:

"Hello, Sarah! What's the trouble? What brought you here at this time?"

"Ach, Nel, but I am glad to see you!" she exclaimed. "I couldn't schleep all night."

"Now, that was too bad," I said. "What kept you awake?"

"I was thinkin' of you all alone in dis old house, and so much strangeness about it," the good soul replied, with her honest old face upturned to me.

"That was very foolish. Nothing is going to happen to me," I said, lightly, although I was not so sure of it now.

When I went outside the two women were still talking, and there was an awe-stricken expression on each face.

"What are you two superstitious old girls doing now?" I asked. "Hatching up more mysterious tales?"

Mrs. Snyder gravely shook her head, as though seriously condemning levity on supernatural subjects. Sarah rested her hand on my arm, and gazed up into my face. There was deep concern in every line of her countenance.

"Nel, you come vizz me," she said, leading the way. I followed around the corner of the house, and she stopped before a window, the shutters of which were closed.

"Look!" she exclaimed, pointing toward the shutters. "Mrs. Snyder says dat vas not dere yesterday."

Like those of most Pennsylvania farmhouses, the downstairs windows were provided with solid board shutters.

In the center of this particular pair was a small round hole, from the edges of which a few chips running with the grain of the wood were broken.

"Well, what of it?" I asked, hoping that I could avoid giving an explanation, for I was a trifle ashamed of myself for firing at my own reflection.

"Somebody shot through de shutter, and try to kill you, maybe. It's a bullet hole, aint it? Oh, Nel, didn't you hear it? Mrs. Snyder heard it from her house, and she look out her window and saw a man runnin' away down de road."

You can't stay here, Nel. You go home vizz me."

I could not forbear a smile at Sarah's fears, but, remembering they were the consequence of the deep affection she felt for me, I checked the frivolous reply which my tongue was about to utter.

"Why, bless your dear old loving heart, Sarah," I said, taking hold of her arm, "come, I'll explain that, and when you know about it you'll laugh at me."

The women went along into my room. "You see that window? You remember the shutters were always kept closed. Well, I had forgotten all about it last night, and after I was undressed I saw my figure, clad in my white night robe, reflected from the glass. You women must have made me somewhat nervous by your talk while making up my bed. Anyhow, I was a trifle frightened at my own shadow, and fired a bullet at it. So, you see, no one tried to kill me at all. It was only my own foolishness, of which I am heartily ashamed. Now let me get some breakfast, and then we'll go all over the house to satisfy you there can be nothing in it which could do me harm."

I said nothing about the voices I had heard, nor of the noise like the slamming of a door. There was no use in adding to the inexplicable feeling of alarm which my old nurse felt.

As for the man Mrs. Snyder had seen after the shot fleeing down the road, that was easily explained.

If my house had the reputation of being haunted, it was most likely a passerby would have wings to his heels on hearing the report of a pistol about the place.

After breakfast we went through the house. I noticed that all the windows were closed. Therefore it was no sudden gust of air that caused the slamming of a door. But nothing was discovered which would give one reason to suppose there was anything unusual about the place.

We finally came to the attic, and I looked out of one of the small windows, first brushing away the curtain of cobwebs.

From this height I could see over the orchards. On the brow of Sunset Hill, about half a mile distant, was a large house, evidently quite new.

It was a splendid structure for the country, and I fancied a wealthy resident of the city had discovered the beauties of Nelsonville and built him a summer residence here.

"Whose place is that over on Sunset Hill?" I asked.

"Some rich man's from de city," Sarah answered.

"Do you know his name?" I continued, moved by curiosity.

"Vell, I did know. Ach, what is it, now? I forget eferysing soon," Sarah replied.

Here Mrs. Snyder chimed in: "His name is Morley."

"What?" I exclaimed, in amazement. "Morley? Sylvester Morley?"

"I ton't know his first name," the old widow answered.

"Has he a daughter? Is she here?"

"Yes, and she so fine and prout. Ach, and so pretty! Yes, she is here. They live here now in de summer," continued the old lady, glad for the opportunity of imparting news. "I see dem almost efery day. Dey drife by. And him, de man, ach, what a fine shentleman! So tall and straight, such a fine pear, and he looks so prout, too!"

The garrulous old widow's description satisfied me. My heart beat rapidly. I had come into this secluded place with no thought further from my mind than that I should find Miss Morley here.

Was there a design of fate in this? And—was she still my true love? Perhaps I should see her; but I remembered my determination and my promise to her father, and how far I still was from removing the condition imposed on the renewal of our friendship, and, I hoped, our love.

This afterthought filled me with an impatience to commence some kind of investigation on my own hook.

I had had a short interview with Mr. Perry, the president of the bank, just before my departure for Europe. It had been most unsatisfactory to me, for Mr. Perry was able to hold out no hope of immediate relief. He was just as earnest, however, in advising me to still keep on my course of apparent indifference and do nothing in the way of a search myself.

Since that interview six months had elapsed, and I had heard nothing from him. I now resolved to take the affair in my own hands. For to go on living, with Florence Morley so near to me, and still refrain from indulging in her sweet society, would simply be torture.

"Come, Nel," Sarah finally said, breaking in upon my thoughts. "We haf not seen all yed."

CHAPTER VI.

When we were again standing in the main hall on the first floor, Sarah's last remark came to me.

"We have been over the whole house, have we not? What more is there to see?" I asked.

"Ach, Nel! haf you forgot de place you always wanted to go to and ve wouldn't led you, because it vas damp and dark?"

"That's so. You mean the cellar."

"Yes, yes, to be sure. You vas lost vomst, and ve couldn't find you for a long time. When ve did, you vas aschleep in de cellar."

"Well, come along. Let us have a look at it," I said, eagerly. The noise like a slamming of a door had seemed to come from below. Perhaps I should discover the cause down there.

On opening the door leading down from the dining-room, a musty odor assailed my nostrils.

It is peculiar how the sense of smell brings back to one old associations and memories. I recollected that musty odor perfectly, and it brought back the days of boyhood more vividly than anything else had done.

We descended the stairway, and found the cellar bare and empty. I peered into every dark nook and corner, but there was nothing which could have caused the noise.

"Nothing to be seen here, Sarah," I said. "Maybe we can find something of interest in the old storeroom."

My grandfather, in his latter days, had kept the village store and post office.

The house was built on the side of a small hill, so that it was three stories high on the street side and two in the rear.

The cellar was divided into two apartments by a thick wall of stone. One apartment was used for the house supplies. The other section was in turn divided in two, the front facing on the street serving as the store and post office, the rear, a deep, cavernous, underground room, having been used for the storage of barrels of vinegar, molasses, tobacco and dried fruit.

We descended the open stairway leading down to the storeroom from the main hall. The door was at the bottom, and at first I thought it was locked. Upon closer examination, I discovered that it had only become tightly jammed by a slight settling of the surrounding timbers. A few vigorous kicks soon caused it to open, and we stepped down into the room.

The shutters to the windows were closed, but there was above the door leading to the street a small transom. Through the dust and moisture-begrimed glass a few rays of light penetrated, producing a twilight gloom in the apartment, but not so deep that we were unable to see.

One of the old counters still remained, and scattered over the floor were a few empty boxes and barrels. I thought of the white-haired old man whose form had been so familiarly associated with the room, and I glanced over to the corner with a fancy that he was here still, seated behind the desk.

"Vhy, vhere's de door gone?" Sarah cried out, in tones of excitement.

"What door, Sarah?"

"Nel, you know, you remember. Dey used to be a door to de store cellar, and now dere ain't any."

Sarah was right. There had been a doorway, through which I had stolen many times for the purpose of filling my pockets with raisins and dried fruit. There was none now. The wall of solid masonry confronted us.

It really seemed a matter of very little importance, but Sarah kept up excited exclamations about it, until I finally stopped her.

"Why, Sarah, I don't see anything very strange in the walling up of a cellar doorway. No doubt Mr. Sonntag, my lawyer, had it done. I remember the place was dark, damp and unhealthy. He thought it best to have it closed up, perhaps. There was another door from that cellar leading outside, was there not?"

"Yes, right unter your betroom window," Sarah answered.

"Well, that can be easily broken down if you want to get in the place. But what would be the use of all that trouble? I don't want to use the cellar."

But then I remembered the noise which had seemed to come from beneath my bedroom, and the cause of which I was unable to discover throughout the rest of the house.

"We might take a look at the other door," I finally said, reflectively.

We ascended the stairway and went around the house. Thick vines, reaching to my bedroom window, completely hid the outside cellar door.

I parted the vines, and found again the solid foundation wall. This doorway had also been walled up.

Sarah was so greatly impressed by this new discovery that her excited exclamations broke out anew, and she again began to plead with me to leave the place.

Again I sought to quiet her fears by laughing at her, although it did seem a trifle strange that my agent should have walled up the doorways. I was satisfied he had had it done, and I wondered what his reasons could have been. Perhaps, after all, Mrs. Snyder was right in affirming that there were mysteries about the old house. Perhaps this walled-up cellar was the seat of supernatural demonstrations, and my agent had sealed it up for that reason.

"I do not intend to lose any sleep over it," I said, lightly. "Sonntag must have had good reasons for doing this, and I can easily find out what they were by driving over and seeing him. I want to have a talk with him, anyhow."

Here the rumble of wheels reached my ear. As I glanced down the roadway and saw the approaching turnout, why did my heart beat faster and a dimness cloud my sight?

Mrs. Snyder had also glanced in that direction. "Vell, now look, Mr. Nel," she began, excitedly. "You can see yourself how dey look. Dey is coming. Dat is de Morleys."

My heart had given me the information before the widow's tongue.

There were two persons in the light road-wagon which was being whirled toward us at a rapid rate by the spirited horses. I could not be mistaken in the graceful poise of the head and the general outlines of beauty about the

young lady, nor in the grave dignity of the man.

The carriage swept along. When nearly opposite us, the young woman evidently caught sight of the groom standing back from the roadway, and she leaned forward and sent a glance past her father toward us. I saw, though my sight was dimmed by emotion, her face turn pale and her eyes expand. She gave no other sign of recognition, however, and the carriage swept by.

And this was all. After a year of feverish, a year of longing and hope to sickness, I was greeted with a stare the girl who had declared she would always trust and believe in me.

I watched the wagon until a bend in the road hid it from view, and then still looked toward the spot where it had disappeared.

A touch on my arm recalled my thoughts, and I glanced around into the solicitous face of my old nurse.

"I guess de young woman is putty," said Mrs. Snyder. "Ach, and you dink so, too, Mr. Nel."

"Yes, she is beautiful, very beautiful," I murmured, more to myself than for answer to the widow's clumsy attempt at pleasantry.

Sarah's watchful old eyes and the promptings of her affection for me discerned something more in the fixed gaze I had sent after the wagon than a suddenly awakened admiration.

"What is id, Nel? Do you know her?" the good soul asked, anxiously.

"I'll tell you some time," I answered. Yes, yes; beautiful indeed was Florence, lovelier than ever, and good and true—well, I did not seem to feel so sure of her faith. She had passed me by without extending a salutation. I could not blame her for not recognizing me, after the resolve I had made, but it cut me to the heart, nevertheless.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TEARS WERE FORBIDDEN.

A Note to Quit Meant That the Typewriter Was to Go.

She was a dainty little thing, and the old gentleman seemed to be prepossessed in her favor right from the start, but there was evidently something that made him pause.

"Look here," he said, in his blunt fashion, "I like you and your references are all right. You run the typewriter as if you knew all there is to know about it, and you don't look like a girl who would be sick every third day and want to get away an hour or two early all the rest of the time, but before I engage you I want to have a clear understanding with you on one subject."

"Yes, sir," she replied, looking at him inquiringly.

"Of course," he explained, "I expect you will be perfectly satisfactory, but if you are not there must be no doubt about my right to discharge you."

"Certainly not."

"If I want you to go I'll just have one of the clerks put a note on your desk or leave it with the cashier for you, and you're to take that as final."

"Naturally," she said, looking at him in some surprise.

"You're not to enter any protest or file any objections," he persisted, "and most of all, you're not to weep."

"Why, I suppose I can ask you why?"

"You can't ask me a thing," he broke in. "If you get a note asking you to quit you're just to put on your things and walk out without a whimper of any kind. Is that understood?"

"It is," she replied.

"Have I your promise to live up to that agreement?"

"You have. But it is such an extraordinary request that I—I—"

"Young woman," said the old gentleman, impressively. "I've been in business here for 50 years, and up to the time women got a good foothold in the business world I was in the habit of engaging and discharging clerks as seemed to me best from the standpoint of my business. In an unguarded moment, however, I was induced to hire a young woman to run a typewriter for me, and after I found that she wasn't satisfactory to me it took me over eight weeks to discharge her. I left a note on her desk and she promptly came in and wept on mine. I turned the job over to various subordinates, but each time she came into my private office to do her weeping, and inside of a week she had the whole force wrought up to a point where business was being neglected, and she was still drawing salary just the same. Women in business may be all right, but when it comes to getting her out of business somebody else can have the job. However, if you'll make a solemn promise to go without a single weep if you don't suit, I'll try you."—Chicago Post.

A Stickler for Realism.

Some amateurs in a provincial town gave a theatrical performance. Just before the curtain went up the star actor took the manager aside and said to him:

"Now, look here; I don't propose to drink water instead of wine in the drinking scene in the second act. I want wine—genuine wine. The unities must be preserved. We want to make this play as realistic as possible."

"Oh, you want champagne at 15 shillings a bottle, do you?"

"Yes. Everything must be realistic."

"All right," replied the manager. "In the second act you shall have real wine, and when you take poison in the last act you shall have some real poison. I'll see that you don't complain of the play not being realistic enough. How does prussic acid strike you?"—London Answers.

When Phlebotomy Was in Favor.

In former days, when medical men believed in phlebotomy for nearly all hurts and diseases, King Louis Philippe of France carried a lancet in his pocket, and occasionally bled himself. On one occasion, when a man was run over by the royal coach, the king bled the unconscious victim with his own hands. Such treatment now would probably lead to a suit for damages.—Chicago Chronicle.

YOUR SHOE

Should be entirely weatherproof.

economy to wear shoes that do not.

ble—you can't afford it. We have

Ladies', Misses' and Children's

Shoes—at low-down prices. Our

have too many shoes and this fa-

tage—if you will call immediately

Davis, T.

er, Roman, from Liverpool, came along, picked her up and brought her into Halifax without further mishap of consequence. Great was the joy on board the big French steamer when the cloudy Sunday morning broke with the shores of Nova Scotia in sight and the word was passed that Halifax would be reached before dark.

The damage to La Champagne is a most serious one and will necessitate the ship going into dry dock.

La Champagne mails, consisting of 250 bags, were landed here Sunday night and given in charge of the post office authorities, and they, with the saloon passengers, will be forwarded to New York, leaving here at 8 o'clock Monday.

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THE PRIME OF LIFE.

Oh, bless the glad sun's warmth and light!
Away, my love, we'll wander,
To where the larch shines green and bright
Against the dim wood yonder.

The young shoots sprout so fast to-day,
The old oak leaves are falling,
And from the coppice far away
I hear the cuckoo calling.

Hark! there among the high elm trees
The thrush sings where he settles;
And see, below, anemones
Put forth their blushing petals.

Does not the poet tell how spring
Affects a young man's fancy?
And so my heart turns, while I sing,
To love and you, my Nancy.

Each step new charms does nature add,
New beauties still discover,
To make this old world young and glad
For us, young, happy lovers.

Ours is the joy the lark feels there
Tuning his song to madness.
"Thank God that we are young, who share
And feel the young year's gladness."

Then let our years be sad or gay,
And be they few or plenty,
Yet, sweetheart, we'll forget to-day
We have been wed for twenty!

—Marshall Steele, in Black and White.

A CLEW BY WIRE

Or, An Interrupted Current.

BY HOWARD M. YOST.

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CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED.

The sound of the voice was intermittent. There would be a few words, then a pause, and so on. I could make no sense of the few disjointed sentences. It lasted but a few minutes. Indeed, so brief was the conversation, if that is what it was, there was no time to make an investigation.

After a long period of anxious listening I settled down again for sleep. And when at last slumber came, it was troubled. Vague, shadowy dreams flitted across my consciousness, and through them all was a sort of premonition of future events, which seemed to have a bearing upon the robbery.

The next morning I was awakened by the sun shining in my face. Hardly had I got my eyes open and my senses aroused to my new surroundings, when a loud and long-continued thumping on the front door caused me to spring out of bed. Hastily donning a few garments, I went to the door and opened it.

Mrs. Snyder was standing there, and an unmistakable look of relief came over her face when she saw me.

"Ach my! you schleep so sound I was afraid somesing de matter!" she said. "Breakfast was retty long time alretty."

"All right. I'll be right over and eat it," I replied.

While I was dressing the recollection of the strange voice of the last night came to me. Now, in the broad glare of the forenoon, when all mystery takes flight and the hallucinations of the darkness become trivial, I wondered if my imagination had played me a trick. It seemed as though I had heard the voice in a dream, so unreal did the circumstance appear now.

I was standing by the huge chimney, when again, breaking in upon my thoughts, came the sound of that mysterious small voice.

As on the night before, there were no completed sentences; only a word between pauses of various duration. The sounds were plainer, however; not louder, but more distinct.

There was a mystery indeed, one which did not choose only the shades of night for its manifestations, but came in the daytime, as though possessed of such subtle and unaccountable qualities that it might defy research.

After the voice had ceased, and I continued my toilet, the sound of talking, coming from the walk outside, reached me.

I glanced out of the window, and saw Sarah and Mrs. Snyder again in most earnest conversation.

Somewhat surprised to see my old nurse so early in the day, I called to her:

"Hello, Sarah! What's the trouble? What brought you here at this time?"

"Ach, Nel, but I am glad to see you!" she exclaimed. "I couldn't schleep all night."

"Now, that was too bad," I said. "What kept you awake?"

"I was thinkin' of all you alone in dis old house, and so much strangeness about it," the good soul replied, with her honest old face upturned to me.

"That was very foolish. Nothing is going to happen to me," I said, lightly, although I was not so sure of it now.

When I went outside the two women were still talking, and there was an awe-stricken expression on each face.

"What are you two superstitious old girls doing now?" I asked. "Hatching up more mysterious tales?"

Mrs. Snyder gravely shook her head, as though seriously condemning levity on supernatural subjects. Sarah rested her hand on my arm, and gazed up into my face. There was deep concern in every line of her countenance.

"Nel, you come wize me," she said, leading the way. I followed around the corner of the house, and she stopped before a window, the shutters of which were closed.

"Look!" she exclaimed, pointing toward the shutters. "Mrs. Snyder says dat vas not dere yesterday."

Like those of most Pennsylvania farmhouses, the downstairs windows were provided with solid board shutters.

In the center of this particular pair was a small round hole, from the edges of which a few chips running with the grain of the wood were broken.

"Well, what of it?" I asked, hoping that I could avoid giving an explanation, for I was a trifle ashamed of myself for firing at my own reflection.

"Somebody shot through de shutter, and try to kill you, maybe. It's a bullet hole, aint it? Oh, Nel, didn't you hear it? Mrs. Snyder heard it from her house, and she look out her window and saw a man runnin' away down de road."

You can't stay here, Nel. You go home wize me."

I could not forbear a smile at Sarah's fears, but, remembering they were the consequence of the deep affection she felt for me, I checked the frivolous reply which my tongue was about to utter.

"Why, bless your dear old loving heart, Sarah," I said, taking hold of her arm, "come, I'll explain that, and when you know about it you'll laugh at me."

The women went along into my room. "You see that window? You remember the shutters were always kept closed. Well, I had forgotten all about it last night, and after I was undressed I saw my figure, clad in my white night robe, reflected from the glass. You women must have made me somewhat nervous by your talk while making up my bed. Anyhow, I was a trifle frightened at my own shadow, and fired a bullet at it. So, you see, no one tried to kill me at all. It was only my own foolishness, of which I am heartily ashamed. Now let me get some breakfast, and then we'll go all over the house to satisfy you there can be nothing in it which could do me harm."

I said nothing about the voices I had heard, nor of the noise like the slamming of a door. There was no use in adding to the inexplicable feeling of alarm which my old nurse felt.

As for the man Mrs. Snyder had seen after the shot fleeing down the road, that was easily explained.

If my house had the reputation of being haunted, it was most likely a passer-by would have wings to his heels on hearing the report of a pistol about the place.

After breakfast we went through the house.

I noticed that all the windows were closed. Therefore it was no sudden gust of air that caused the slamming of a door. But nothing was discovered which would give one reason to suppose there was anything unusual about the place.

We finally came to the attic, and I looked out of one of the small windows, first brushing away the curtain of cobwebs.

From this height I could see over the orchards. On the brow of Sunset Hill, about half a mile distant, was a large house, evidently quite new.

It was a splendid structure for the country, and I fancied a wealthy resident of the city had discovered the beauties of Nelsonville and built him a summer residence here.

"Whose place is that over on Sunset Hill?" I asked.

"Some rich man's from de city," Sarah answered.

"Do you know his name?" I continued, moved by curiosity.

"Vell, I did know. Ach, what is it, now? I forget eferysing soon," Sarah replied.

Here Mrs. Snyder chimed in: "His name is Morley."

"What?" I exclaimed, in amazement. "Morley? Sylvester Morley?"

"I don't know his first name," the old widow answered.

"Has he a daughter? Is she here?"

"Yes, and she so fine and prout. Ach, and so pretty! Yes, she is here. Dey live here now in de summer," continued the old lady, glad for the opportunity of imparting news. "I see dem almost every day. Dey drife by. And him, de man, ach, what a fine shentleman! So tall and straight, such a fine pear, and he looks so prout, too!"

The garrulous old widow's description satisfied me. My heart beat rapidly. I had come into this secluded place with no thought further from my mind than that I should find Miss Morley here.

Was there a design of fate in this? And—was she still my true love? Perhaps I should see her; but I remembered my determination and my promise to her father, and how far I still was from removing the condition imposed on the renewal of our friendship, and I hoped, our love.

This afterthought filled me with an impatience to commence some kind of investigation on my own hook.

I had had a short interview with Mr. Perry, the president of the bank, just before my departure for Europe. It had been most unsatisfactory to me, for Mr. Perry was able to hold out no hope of immediate relief. He was just as earnest, however, in advising me to still keep on my course of apparent indifference and do nothing in the way of a search myself.

Since that interview six months had elapsed, and I had heard nothing from him. I now resolved to take the affair in my own hands. For to go on living, with Florence Morley so near to me, and still refrain from indulging in her sweet society, would simply be torture.

"Come, Nel," Sarah finally said, breaking in upon my thoughts. "We haf not seen all yed."

CHAPTER VI.

When we were again standing in the main hall on the first floor, Sarah's last remark came to me.

"We have been over the whole house, have we not? What more is there to see?" I asked.

"Ach, Nel! haf you forgot de place you always wanted to go to and ve wouldn't led you, because it vas damp and dark?"

"That's so. You mean the cellar."

"Yes, yes, to be sure. You vas lost vonst, and ve couldn't find you for a long time. When ve did, you vas aschleep in de cellar."

"Well, come along. Let us have a look at it," I said, eagerly. The noise like a slamming of a door had seemed to come from below. Perhaps I should discover the cause down there.

On opening the door leading down from the dining-room, a musty odor assailed my nostrils.

It is peculiar how the sense of smell brings back to one old associations and memories. I recollected that musty odor perfectly, and it brought back the days of boyhood more vividly than anything else had done.

We descended the stairway, and found the cellar bare and empty. I peered into every dark nook and corner, but there was nothing which could have caused the noise.

"Nothing to be seen here, Sarah," I said. "Maybe we can find something of interest in the old storeroom."

My grandfather, in his latter days, had kept the village store and post office.

The house was built on the side of a small hill, so that it was three stories high on the street side and two in the rear.

The cellar was divided into two apartments by a thick wall of stone. One apartment was used for the house supplies. The other section was in turn divided in two, the front facing on the street serving as the store and post office, the rear, a deep, cavernous, underground room, having been used for the storage of barrels of vinegar, molasses, tobacco and dried fruit.

We descended the open stairway leading down to the storeroom from the main hall. The door was at the bottom, and at first I thought it was locked. Upon closer examination, I discovered that it had only become tightly jammed by a slight settling of the surrounding timbers. A few vigorous kicks soon caused it to open, and we stepped down into the room.

The shutters to the windows were closed, but there was above the door leading to the street a small transom. Through the dust and moisture-begrimed glass a few rays of light penetrated, producing a twilight gloom in the apartment, but not so deep that we were unable to see.

One of the old counters still remained, and scattered over the floor were a few empty boxes and barrels. I thought of the white-haired old man whose form had been so familiarly associated with the room, and I glanced over to the corner with a fancy that he was here still, seated behind the desk.

"Why, there's de door gone?" Sarah cried out, in tones of excitement.

"What door, Sarah?"

"Nel, you know, you remember. Dey used to be a door to de store cellar, and now dere ain't any."

Sarah was right. There had been a doorway, through which I had stolen many times for the purpose of filling my pockets with raisins and dried fruit. There was none now. The wall of solid masonry confronted us.

It really seemed a matter of very little importance, but Sarah kept up excited exclamations about it, until I finally stopped her.

"Why, Sarah, I don't see anything very strange in the walling up of a cellar doorway. No doubt Mr. Sonntag, my lawyer, had it done. I remember the place was dark, damp and unhealthy. He thought it best to have it closed up, perhaps. There was another door from that cellar leading outside, was there not?"

"Yes, right under your bedroom window," Sarah answered.

"Well, that can be easily broken down if you want to get in the place. But what would be the use of all that trouble? I don't want to use the cellar."

But then I remembered the noise which had seemed to come from beneath my bedroom, and the cause of which I was unable to discover throughout the rest of the house.

"We might take a look at the other door," I finally said, reflectively.

We ascended the stairway and went around the house. Thick vines, reaching to my bedroom window, completely hid the outside cellar door.

I parted the vines, and found again the solid foundation wall. This doorway had also been walled up.

Sarah was so greatly impressed by this new discovery that her excited exclamations broke out anew, and she again began to plead with me to leave the place.

Again I sought to quiet her fears by laughing at her, although it did seem a trifle strange that my agent should have walled up the doorways. I was satisfied he had had it done, and I wondered what his reasons could have been. Perhaps, after all, Mrs. Snyder was right in affirming that there were mysteries about the old house. Perhaps this walled-up cellar was the seat of supernatural demonstrations, and my agent had sealed it up for that reason.

"I do not intend to lose any sleep over it," I said, lightly. "Sonntag must have had good reasons for doing this, and I can easily find out what they were by driving over and seeing him. I want to have a talk with him, anyhow."

Here the rumble of wheels reached my ear. As I glanced down the roadway and saw the approaching turnout, why did my heart beat faster and a dimness cloud my sight?

Mrs. Snyder had also glanced in that direction. "Vell, now look, Mr. Nel," she began, excitedly. "You can see yourself how dey look. Dey is coming. Dat is de Morleys."

My heart had given me the information before the widow's tongue.

There were two persons in the light road-wagon which was being whirled toward us at a rapid rate by the spirited horses. I could not be mistaken in the graceful poise of the head and the general outlines of beauty about the

young lady, nor in the grave dignity of the man.

The carriage swept along. We nearly opposite us, the young woman evidently caught sight of the gro standing back from the roadway, she leaned forward and sent a glass past her father toward us. I saw, although my sight was dimmed by emotion, her face turn pale and her eyes expand. She gave no other sign of recognition, however, and the carriage swept by.

And this was all. After a year of starvation, a year of longing and hope, sickness, I was greeted with a stare the girl who had declared she would ways trust and believe in me.

I watched the wagon until a bend in the road hid it from view, and then still looked toward the spot where it had disappeared.

A touch on my arm recalled my thoughts, and I glanced around into the solicitous face of my old nurse.

"I guess de young woman is putty," said Mrs. Snyder. "Ach, and you dink so, too, Mr. Nel."

"Yes, she is beautiful, very beautiful," I murmured, more to myself than for answer to the widow's clumsy attempt at pleasantry.

Sarah's watchful old eyes and the promptings of her affection for me discerned something more in the fixed gaze I had sent after the wagon than a suddenly awakened admiration.

"What is it, Nel? Do you know her?" the good soul asked, anxiously.

"I'll tell you some time," I answered. "Yes, yes; beautiful indeed was Florence, lovelier than ever, and good and true—well, I did not seem to feel so sure of her faith. She had passed me by without extending a salutation. I could not blame her for not recognizing me, after the resolve I had made, but it cut me to the heart, nevertheless."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TEARS WERE FORBIDDEN.

A Note to Quit Meant That the Typewriter Was to Go.

She was a dainty little thing, and the old gentleman seemed to be prepossessed in her favor right from the start, but there was evidently something that made him pause.

"Look here," he said, in his blunt fashion, "I like you and your references are all right. You run the typewriter as if you knew all there is to know about it, and you don't look like a girl who would be sick every third day and want to get away an hour or two early all the rest of the time, but before I engage you I want to have a clear understanding with you on one subject."

"Yes, sir," she replied, looking at him inquiringly.

"Of course," he explained, "I expect you will be perfectly satisfactory, but if you are not there must be no doubt about my right to discharge you."

"Certainly not."

"If I want you to go I'll just have one of the clerks put a note on your desk or leave it with the cashier for you, and you're to take that as final."

"Naturally," she said, looking at him in some surprise.

"You're not to enter any protest or file any objections," he persisted, "and most of all, you're not to weep."

"Why, I suppose I can ask you why?"

"You can't ask me a thing," he broke in. "If you get a note asking you to quit you're just to put on your things and walk out without a whimper of any kind. Is that understood?"

"It is," she replied.

"Have I your promise to live up to that agreement?"

"You have. But it is such an extraordinary request that I—I—"

"Young woman," said the old gentleman, impressively. "I've been in business here for 50 years, and up to the time women got a good foothold in the business world I was in the habit of engaging and discharging clerks as seemed to me best from the standpoint of my business. In an unguarded moment, however, I was induced to hire a young woman to run a typewriter for me, and after I found that she wasn't satisfactory to me it took me over eight weeks to discharge her. I left a note on her desk and she promptly came in and wept on mine. I turned the job over to various subordinates, but each time she came into my private office to do her weeping, and inside of a week she had the whole force wrought up to a point where business was being neglected, and she was still drawing salary just the same. Women in business may be all right, but when it comes to getting her out of business somebody else can have the job. However, if you'll make a solemn promise to go without a single weep if you don't suit, I'll try you."—Chicago Post.

A Stickler for Realism.

Some amateurs in a provincial town gave a theatrical performance. Just before the curtain went up the star actor took the manager aside and said to him:

"Now, look here; I don't propose to drink water instead of wine in the drinking scene in the second act. I want wine—genuine wine. The unities must be preserved. We want to make this play as realistic as possible."

"Oh, you want champagne at 15 shillings a bottle, do you?"

"Yes. Everything must be realistic."

"All right," replied the manager. "In the second act you shall have real wine, and when you take poison in the last act you shall have some real poison. I'll see that you don't complain of the play not being realistic enough. How does prussic acid strike you?"—London Answers.

When Phlebotomy Was in Favor.

In former days, when medical men believed in phlebotomy for nearly all hurts and diseases, King Louis Philippe of France carried a lancet in his pocket, and occasionally bled himself. On one occasion, when a man was run over by the royal coach, the king bled the unconscious victim with his own hands. Such treatment now would probably lead to a suit for damages.—Chicago Chronicle.

AT KEY WEST.

The Court of Inquiry Leave Havana on the Vessel Mangrove.

The Members of the Court of Inquiry Will Say Nothing as to the Result of Their Work—Admiral Seward Has Frequent Consultations With Capt. Sampson.

KEY WEST, Fla., Feb. 28.—The light-house tender Mangrove, bearing the members of the court of inquiry, arrived from Havana at 7 o'clock Sunday morning. The court resumed its sessions in the United States district court room in the Federal building at 10 o'clock Monday morning and will probably return to Havana on Wednesday.

The most important witness to be examined here is Lieut. Blandin, the officer of the deck when the explosion on the Maine occurred. The testimony of the other survivors will take only a short time.



Capt. Sampson, Capt. Cadwick and Lieut. Commander Potter came ashore and arranged preliminary details for the sessions of the court.

Martin Redding, a diver, returned here Sunday. He was taken to Havana to work on the wreck and his arrival caused much comment, it being said that he had talked too much at Havana and had been removed in consequence. On his arrival he held forth at considerable length before a street corner audience and but little credence could be given to his numerous statements.

Rr. Adm. Seward has had frequent conferences with Capt. Sampson and other members of the court of inquiry at the hotel. He said Sunday night: "I think they ought to get away on Wednesday. As yet there is nothing that can be said about their work."

In reply to a question as to the rumored removal of the war ships to Cuba, Adm. Seward said: "The fleet is now moving and I know nothing about it going to Cuba. Still you know I have steam up and could go anywhere if ordered."

He was asked if anything had happened to justify the statement that the situation was more serious to-day than it had been, and he replied: "They know at Washington about that. Just how strained our relations are with Spain I am unable to say."

The excitement Saturday after the arrival of the Cuban filibusters, headed by Gen. Nunez and Capt. John O'Brien, completely eclipsed all the doings and sayings of the court of inquiry officers. Their quick departure prevented very much being learned as to the expedition, but the Cubans here are elated. An expedition has been preparing to get away from Key West for some time, but it probably will suffer another delay, as the plot has leaked out through two Spanish spies.

HAVANA, Feb. 28.—Senator Proctor, of Vermont, arrived here Saturday. He comes on a mission similar to that of Calhoun last year, and will make a special investigation of the general conditions prevailing in Havana and in the island, as well as into the Maine disaster. He expects to remain ten days or two weeks.

TAMPA, Fla., Feb. 28.—Capt. Hanlon, of the Plant steamship Mascotte, which arrived here Sunday night from Havana, was granted an audience Saturday by Consul General Lee, and took breakfast with him at Hotel Inglaterra. To him Gen. Lee positively denied the reports to the effect that he had advised Americans to leave Havana, and that he had discovered no evidence of any anti-American feeling there, and that he anticipated no unfriendly demonstration whatever the finding of the court of inquiry in the Maine disaster might be.

Capt. Hanlon states that the body guard of Gen. Lee consists of only three soldiers, and that fewer soldiers were in evidence on the streets of Havana than usual, and that no excitement among the people there had been caused by the rumors of war published in the papers of this country. Gen. Lee admitted to Capt. Hanlon that both Cubans and Spaniards are intensely interested in the result of the investigation by the board of inquiry, but said that further than that reports of excitement or threatened demonstrations were groundless.

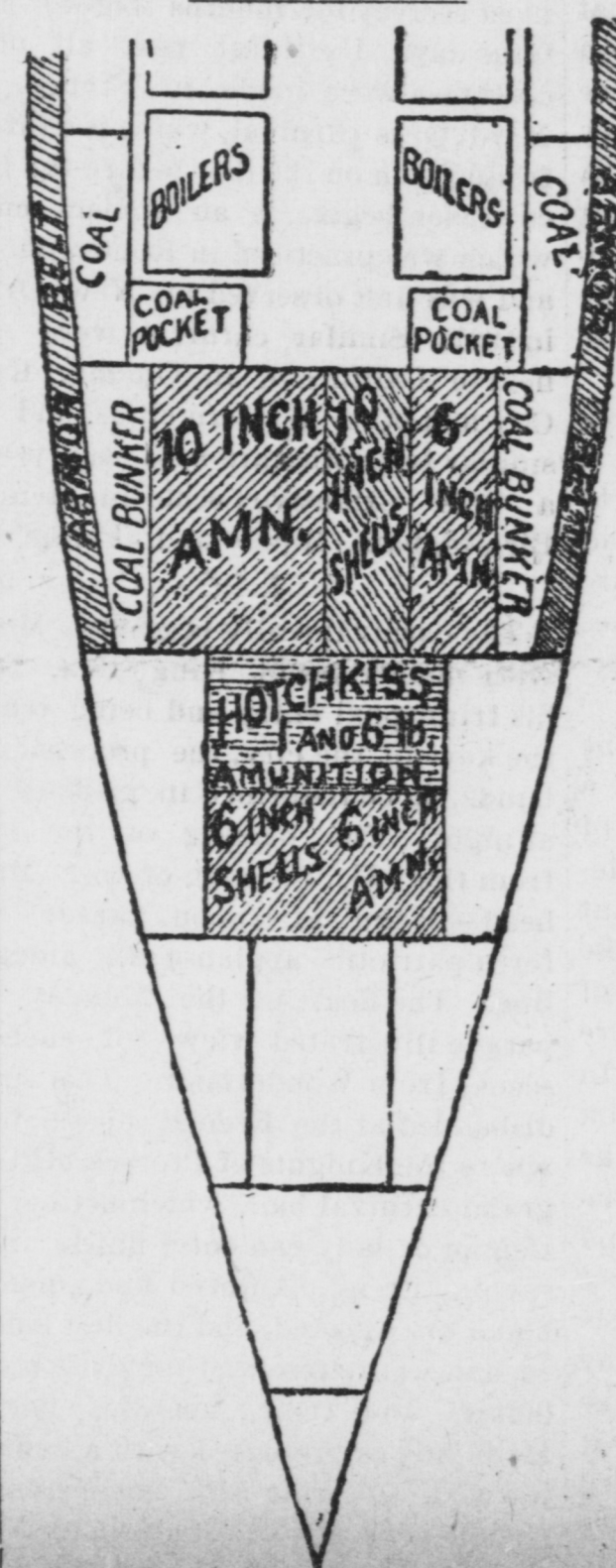
HAVANA, Feb. 28.—The excitement in the city, growing out of the Maine investigation, continues unabated. An outbreak of some kind, sooner or later, is expected.

Commerce Destroyers to Be Put in Commission.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 28.—It is stated at the League Island navy-yard that the commerce destroyers Minneapolis and Columbia will be put into commission as soon as men can be got to man them. Work is being pushed at the navy-yard to put the monitor Miantonomoh and ram Katahdin in readiness for instant service.

Attempt to Assassinate King George of Greece.

ATHENS, Feb. 28.—An unsuccessful attempt was made Saturday to assassinate King George of Greece.



BOW OF THE MAINE.
GREAT ACTIVITY

At the Watervliet Arsenal—Entire Force Working Night and Day.

ALBANY, N. Y., Feb. 28.—The greatest activity known since the late rebellion is now witnessed at the Watervliet arsenal and the entire force is working night and day.

On Friday night an order was received for the immediate shipment of two car loads of 12-inch projectiles for Fort Hamilton with the greatest possible haste. The projectiles were boxed for shipment and Saturday afternoon they were dispatched to Fort Hamilton. Orders have also been received for the shipment of all projectiles now on hand to the several forts about New York and to forward all completed guns as speedily as possible to the proving grounds at Sandy Hook.

Such an order has not been received at Watervliet since the close of the war. It is expected that at least six carloads of projectiles will be shipped during the present week.

KING GEORGE.

Of Greece, Congratulated on His Escape From Assassination.

ATHENS, Feb. 28.—There is a great patriotic outburst throughout the country over the escape of King George from assassination Saturday, with thanksgiving service everywhere and demonstrations of every kind. Praise for the king's coolness and bravery in protecting his daughter, the Princess Maria, is on every lip.

All the members of the royal family, the ministers and the entire diplomatic corps attended the tedium at the cathedral Sunday, after which an immense crowd went to the palace and gave King George an ovation.

His majesty has received telegrams of congratulation from all the sovereigns of Europe. The press, even the papers opposed to the royal family, is unanimous in its expressions of indignation.

There is no trace of the miscreants, though several arrests have been made with the object of obtaining information. The incapacity of the police is making a bad impression.

Patti Renounces a Legacy.

LONDON, Feb. 28.—The late Signor Nicolini left the sum of £20,000 (\$100,000) to his widow, Adel

Royal makes the food pure,
wholesome and delicious.

ROYAL
BAKING
POWDER
Absolutely Pure

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

The Goebel Force Bill.

THE Goebel Election Bill passed the House Saturday after a bitter contest by a vote of 57 to 42. It is not only the most undemocratic but it is the very worst and most unexcusable bill that was ever enacted into a law in Kentucky. P. P. Johnston in a telegram to a member of the House last week said if the bill becomes a law "it will destroy the Democratic party." A party that would make itself responsible for such a measure is not entitled to the confidence of the people and deserves that they should rise in their wrath and sweep it from power and position and drive it into exile until a new generation of leaders shall arise who will not dare invade their rights or attempt to destroy their liberties.

The bill is in the hands of the Governor who will veto it and then there is one desperate chance that it may fail to pass the Senate over his veto as it had on its first passage in that house a bare constitutional majority. If it becomes a law we have seen the last of free elections in Kentucky.

The purpose of this bill is to place the control of all elections in the hands of a State Board of Elections composed of three men to be elected by the Legislature and this State Board shall appoint a County Board of three men, whose duty it shall be to select all officers of election in their county, and to receive and count and certify the returns. In this way the appointment of election officers is taken out of the hands of the County Judge who is elected by the people and responsible to them and places it in the hands of three men not elected by the people and not responsible to anybody. It is not sufficient to say that this law will be always administered by honest men who will see to it that every qualified voter is permitted to cast his vote as he pleases and to have it counted as cast. If all the election Boards were always the best men in the counties even so a law as this might work no wrong. But who then has any knowledge of politics in Kentucky has the least doubt that in many counties the election machinery will fall into the hands of men who will have no other conception of duty than to see to it that their side wins? The gentlemen who have forced this bill through the Legislature, and who by the unusual method of calling a caucus of the House Democrats and making the bill a party measure succeeded in whipping into its support a few weaklings who would like to have opposed the bill if they had dared—these gentlemen were loud in their protestations that the bill had no other object than to secure fair elections in Kentucky. Is there any reasonable man who believes for a moment that this was the purpose of the framers and promoters of this bill? Is it not perfectly apparent that the intent of the bill is to make a fair election in Kentucky impossible? We believe that no sane man doubts that this would be its effect.

THE NEWS is far from believing that anything it may say on this or any other subject will have any weight with those violent and extreme gentlemen at Frankfort who seem to act on the idea that their first duty to those who elected them is to oppose whatever any sound money paper may advocate, and advocate whatever such paper may oppose. But we do our duty to the public when we call their attention to this iniquitous bill and denounce it as unworthy the support of any citizen who believes in honest elections and in the right of the people to govern themselves. We have talked with many of our silver Democratic friends, and to their credit be it said we have not found one who favors this bill—not one who does not believe that the bill if passed would be the greatest mistake ever made by the party in Kentucky.

We love the Democratic party far too well to sit quietly by while it is garroted in its own house by reckless men for selfish and ignoble purposes. We have given to it the assent of our intellect and the love of our heart. We have believed that the great principles for which it stands are the surest guarantee of the liberty of the citizen and the maintenance of his rights as well as the chief corner-stone of all good government under Republican form, and we have faith that the Democrats of Kentucky will avenge this iniquitous law by destroying the political existence of the men who for selfish purposes have thrust it upon the people in the name of Democracy.

Pencil From Pensacola.

PENSACOLA, FLA., Feb. 23, 1898.

The superb Mardi Gras pageants Monday and Tuesday were witnessed by more than a hundred thousand visitors, who were delighted with the carnival. The parades cost about \$50,000, and the floats, costumes, arrangements, etc., were the fruit of many weeks' study and labor of artists, designers, costumers, and several hundred prominent men of New Orleans. The carnival is given by the Mystic Krewe of Comus, a society composed of leading citizens, and the preparations are carried on with the utmost secrecy for months before Mardi Gras day. Until last year all of the costumes were made in France. The Mardi Gras carnival, which is a farewell frolic given on the day before the Lenten season begins, is an ancient custom which was practiced in Rome and Paris and was first observed in New Orleans in 1827. Similar carnivals were later held in California, in Omaha, Kansas City and other Western cities, and now similar festivities are held each year on a less extensive scale in Memphis, Birmingham, Mobile and Pensacola.

The carnival really begins on Monday with the arrival of King Rex. After his triumphal entry and being tendered the keys of the city, the procession disbanded, to be re-formed in grander style at night. The passing of the sailors from the U. S. man-of-war Marblehead—in the afternoon parade—called forth patriotic applause all along the line. The floats in the Monday night parade illustrated views of enchanted scenes from Wonderland. This parade disbanded at the French opera house, where the Knights of Proteus held their grand carnival ball, which neither gentleman or lady can enter unless in full evening dress. A queen and maids of honor are selected, and the first half dozen dances are reserved for these honored ladies and their masked partners. Each lady is presented with a handsome jeweled souvenir by her partner. I have never seen such an assembly of beautiful women as that which graced the Proteus ball on Monday night, and their costumes were probably only equaled by those which I observed at the New York horse show. The Rex ball Tuesday night was equally as magnificent. The floats of the Tuesday parade represented the products of nature—strawberries, pears, pineapples, coffee, tea, cotton, etc., and the floats of the final parade depicted elaborate scenes from Shakespeare's plays. The Mardi Gras is a thing of beauty and bids fair to be a joy forever to New Orleans and a vast throng of visitors.

New Orleans is an exceedingly quaint city, being settled about 180 years ago by the French and Spanish. The winding streets, the ancient buildings, the magnolia and orange trees, the palms and blooming flowers, the beautiful homes, the generous hospitality, the Southern ways and superstitions, the busy marts, the cotton bales, the fine hotels and famous old cafes, combine to make it a very attractive city. Almost everywhere one sees things Bohemian, and notes the impress of the Latin-American taste in architecture or decoration in the quaint buildings. The paved streets are extremely narrow and winding in the French part of the Crescent City, the presence of an old fashioned balcony in front of almost every house leaves the impression that New Orleans is a city of balconies. Indeed one can walk for miles on a rainy day and never get sprinkled except at street crossings. A ride through St. Charles avenue gives a visitor a charming view of the American part of the city. This fashionable street is lined with splendid homes and beautiful lawns.

Among the objects of interest I noticed in New Orleans are the Robert

Awarded
Highest Honors—World's Fair,

DR. PRICE'S
CREAM
BAKING
POWDER
MOST PERFECT MADE.

A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant.
40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

E. Lee, Henry Clay, Andrew Jackson and Albert Sidney Johnson statues, the Confederate, Calumet and Margaret monuments, the Cotton Exchange, the Sugar Exchange, the levees, the Royal Hotel, costing \$1,500,000, the St. Charles, costing half a million. The St. Louis Cathedral, containing rare old paintings, and the Jesuit church, containing a \$14,000 gold altar, and a \$30,000 statue of Virgin Mary, are visited by every tourist, as are the Tour and Sinai synagogues. The Metairie, St. Louis and Chalmette cemeteries are places of interest to ever. Northern visitor. On account of the watery soil the coffins of departed ones are placed in tombs and sarcophagi built above ground. The white marble and stone tombs, each from eight to twenty feet in height, built on avenues and resembling miniature cathedrals and homes, give one a literal idea of "the city of the dead."

A visit to New Orleans would be incomplete without a walk through the old French market. Here one finds people of every nation, hears a babel of tongues, and smells a savory odors. Every tourist must drink coffee and eat a lunch at the French market but one frequently carries away a taste of garlic and a scent of fish. But just another word about the carnival and a flying visit to Florida and I shall bring this lengthy letter to a close. Mardi Gras day is a general holiday in New Orleans, and thousands of merry lads and lassies clad in fantastic costumes walk the streets in couples and in crowds and furnish much amusement to the lookers-on besides giving chance for romantic meetings and flirtations. "Everything goes" on carnival day and the appearance of many men in Romeo costumes and maids in velvet and satin knickerbockers and silk stockings will give one an idea of the liberties permitted on such occasions. I cannot close without a paragraph especially for the ladies about the beauty of the New Orleans ladies and the elegance of their attire. Brocade silk and satin seemed to be the popular material for skirts, while the silk waists combined the colors of the rainbow. I noticed hundreds of beautiful hats, gay with long white, blue, gray and yellowish tips. Many ladies evidently from the North, wore tailor-made suits of gray.

Col. Chas. Ellis, formerly L. & N. agent at Maysville, Col. W. W. Moore, formerly of Lexington, and Colonel Holleran, all of the Southern Pacific Railway, were especially courteous to Mr. J. A. Bower and myself. May every day bring them pleasure and profit. Speaking of Colonels, a jambi at Nashville accosted me with the query "Colonel, let me carry your grip." I wondered how he knew I was from Kentucky.

A forty mile ride through the pine forests of Western Florida to Pensacola, a thriving seaport of 16,000, was the last feature of a very pleasant trip. A naphtha launch gave us a seven-mile ride over the lovely Pensacola Bay, dotted with the sails of a hundred foreign craft, to Santa Rosa Island, in the Gulf of Mexico. After inspecting the U. S. Life Saving Station, we spent two delightful hours on the snow white sands of the gulf beach watching the rolling waves and picking up seashells and other curios. I was lucky enough to find the only pebble on the beach—at that time. The crisis in Spanish and American affairs has caused especial precautions to be observed near by at the navy yard and Ft. Pickens and Ft. Barrancas, which guard the entrance to Pensacola harbor. No person can now land at either fort or navy yard without permission from General Miles. Every person whom I heard mention the Maine catastrophe believed that the vessel was destroyed by the Spanish. In one brief day I had time to ride eighty miles on Florida soil, fourteen miles on a Florida bay, see Florida alligators, sea shells, palms and magnolias, and eat Florida oranges. And with real Florida water I drank a farewell toast to the Sunny South.

MOTHER! There is no word so full of meaning and about which such tender and holy recollections cluster as that of "MOTHER"—she who watched over our helpless infancy and guided our first tottering step. Yet the life of every Expectant Mother is beset with danger and all effort should be made to avoid it.

Mother's Friend so assists nature in the change taking place that the Expectant Mother is enabled to look forward without dread, suffering or gloomy forebodings, to the hour when she experiences the joy of Motherhood. Its use insures safety to the lives of both Mother and Child, and she is found stronger after than before confinement—in short, it "makes Childbirth natural and easy," as so many have said. Don't be persuaded to use anything but

MOTHER'S FRIEND

"My wife suffered more in ten minutes with either of her other two children than she did altogether with her last, having previously used four bottles of 'Mother's Friend.' It is a blessing to any one expecting to become a MOTHER," says a customer. HENDERSON'S DALE, Carmi, Illinois.

Of Druggists at \$1.00, or sent by mail on receipt of price. Write for book containing testimonials and valuable information for all Mothers, free. The Bradford Regulator Co., Atlanta, Ga.

Strength of The Naval Militia.

THE Navy Department Thursday gave out the figures showing the strength of the naval militia up to date. This shows a total force of 4,445 officers and enlisted men an increase from the 3,763 shown by the last report. The number of officers and men by States is as follows: California, 386; Connecticut, 165; Florida, 186; Georgia, 225; Illinois, 523; Louisiana, 253; Maryland, 240; Massachusetts, 411; Michigan, 193; New Jersey, 364; New York, 472; North Carolina, 230; Ohio, 216; Pennsylvania, 216; Rhode Island, 130; South Carolina, 152; Virginia, 44; total 4,445.

SEVENTEEN of the twenty four Democratic papers which are fighting the Goebel election bill, are silver organs. It is surprising that any paper should favor the bill.

The General Assembly.

The house committee on claims met and decided to report favorably the bill to make an appropriation to build a new state capitol. The bill provides that 2 per cent. additional tax shall be collected until \$300,000 is raised and then work shall be begun on the buildings and the tax continue until they are completed.

The House passed the bill abolishing the State Board of Equalization by a big majority.

The Chinn School Book Bill was killed Saturday, the State Senate adopting the Bronston substitute by a vote of 17 to sixteen. The substitute will, it is believed, be rejected by the House.

The McChord Railroad Bill was virtually killed yesterday.

THE House has passed the Watkins Cigarette Bill, which prohibits the smoking, sale, barter or loan of cigarettes in Kentucky and fixes a penalty for having any cigarette material in one's possession.

CERTAIN citizens of Louisville have discovered that the cross or figure seven found on their doors were made by tramps. The cross means that the inhabitants are easy to work, but the seven tells of a dog and a cold-hearted cook.

THE officers of the Newport News shipyard announce that the double launching of the battleships Kentucky and Kearsage will take place March 21th, and it will be the first double launching of first-class battleships in the world.

CONGRESS yesterday referred to the Naval Committee a resolution to appropriate \$20,000,000 for the purchase from other nations battleships, cruisers and raums, if they are needed to cope with any foreign power.

THE Log Cabin says that a Democrat living at Rutland, Harrison county, has sworn to let his whiskers grow until Bryan or some other free silver man is elected President. There's lots of fun ahead for the winds.

KEY WEST, Havana and Washington specials, in reference to the sessions of the Court of Inquiry over the Maine, etc., will be found on pages two and three.

TELEGRAMS from Frankfort predict serious trouble between Senator Bronston and Jack Chinn, and hint that a duel is not improbable.

THERE'LL be a hot time down in Georgia if Sam Jones really goes after that Gubernatorial plum.

MINISTER WOODFORD gave a banquet at Madrid Thursday to the new Minister to the United States.

The mother of J. T. Adams, who lost his life by the explosion on the Maine, has filed an application for a pension.

We are offering some choice ladies', misses, and children's shoes at special prices. Don't fail to take advantage of the offer.

DAVIS, THOMPSON & ISGRIG

Insure in the Northwestern to day to-morrow may be too late.

New crop currents, raisins, citron peaches, prunes, apricots, hominy, oat meal, rolled oats.

(tt) NEWTON MITCHELL.

Wright's Celery Tea cures constipation, sick headaches, etc.

THE Northwestern Mutual life has paid to representatives of its policy-holders and to its policy-holders, and is now holding for them, \$180,000,000, an excess over premium receipts of over \$20,000,000. (tt)

To Cure A Cold In One Day.

TAKE Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c. For sale by W. T. Brooks and James Kennedy, Paris, Ky.

FOR RENT.

A house of five rooms, and two acres of ground, near the Station. Apply to O. W. MILLER, HUTCHISON, KY.

IF YOU
WANT TO PLOW
FOR PROFIT
YOU MUST USE THE
OLIVER CHILLED PLOW.

The one-piece point makes it the best and most economical plow on earth.

OVER 4,000

of these plows in use in Bourbon and adjoining counties. No other plow has such a record.

SOLD ONLY BY

R. J. NEELY.

GEO. W. DAVIS

DEALER IN
Furniture, Window Shades, Oil
Cloths, Carpets, Mattresses,
Etc.

Special attention given to Undertaking and Repairing.

MAIN STREET. - - - PARIS, KY.

M. H. DAILEY,
DENTIST.

402 MAIN ST. - - - PARIS, KY.
[Over Deposit Bank]

Office hours: 8 to 12 a.m.; 1 to 6 p.m.

GO TO
Buck and Bill's
Barber Shop

For first-class work. Three first-class barbers. All work done strictly first-class. Next door to Bourbon Bank. (4nov-1f)

New Laundry Agency.

I HAVE secured the agency for the Winchester Power Laundry—a first-class institution—and solicit a share of the public patronage. Work or orders left at Clarke & Clay's drug-store will receive immediate attention. Work called for and delivered promptly. Respectfully,
BRUCE HOLLADAY.



I AM NOW READY

TO SHOW
THE MOST COMPLETE
LINE OF

WALL PAPER

Ever brought to Paris. The new

BURLAP EFFECTS

are the newest and at the same time the most beautiful papers seen for years at a MEDIUM COST.

I am giving some very close estimates on contract work—or, PAPER ON THE WALL.

1898 CARPETS

To match the papers.

J. T. HINTON

Elegant line of Pictures and Room Mouldings. Send me your old furniture to be repaired. Your furniture moved by experienced hands.

Wood Mantels furnished complete. Undertaking in all its branches.

Embalming scientifically attended to. CARRIAGES FOR HIRE.

THE BOURBON NEWS.

(Seventeenth Year—Established 1881.)

(Entered at the Post-office at Paris, Ky., as second-class mail matter.)

TELEPHONE NO. 124.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICES.

[Payable in Advance.]
One year.....\$2.00 (Six months.....\$1.00
NEWS COSTS: YOU CAN'T EVEN GET A RE-
PORT FROM A GUN FREE OF CHARGE.Make all Checks, Money Orders, Etc.,
payable to the order of CHAMP & MILLER.Jno B. Stetson hats for Spring '98.
J. W. DAVIS & Co.NOAH SPEARS has accepted a position
with the Bourbon Steam Laundry.In Judge Webb's court John Cantrell
was fined \$7.50 for breach of the peace.TICE ASHURST has rented the Lyle
farm, near Paris, on the Georgetown
pike.THIEVES broke into W. E. Board's
coal house Saturday night and stole a
quantity of coal.EIGHT members of the Paris Lodge of
Elks attended a business meeting of the
Lexington Lodge Friday night.CHAS. MENG, of North Middletown,
went to Covington yesterday to serve
on the grand jury Federal Court.WANTED.—A small cottage of two
rooms, on first floor, by a woman. Ad-
dress, "K. A. Lock Box 323, Paris, Ky."ALEX TURNER, formerly of this city,
son of Mrs. Sallie J. Turner, has sold
his interest in a copper mine in Arizona
for \$37,000. He paid a few hundreds
for his interest several years ago.THE will of Wilson Wright, deceased
was probated Saturday. The testator
leaves several hundred acres of land to
his wife and six children. Francis
Hall is appointed executor, and guardian
of infant children.Thos. Robinson, of Atlanta, who was
arrested and jailed Saturday for trespass-
ing on L. & N. property, caused quite
a breeze of excitement, it being suspec-
ted that he had the smallpox. He was
examined by two physicians who pro-
nounced it erysipelas.COL. ROBERT L. CRIGLER, formerly of
this city, who was robbed in a Cincin-
nati restaurant last Sunday night of a
diamond pin, valued at \$2,500, has
sworn out a warrant for the arrest of
Alice White, of Cincinnati, charging
her with the robbery.JOHN T. MCCLINTOCK, brother of
Mrs. C. N. Fithian, of this city, has
sold his farm of 230 acres near Rich-
mond, to J. M. Park, for about \$10,000,
and Mr. McClintock and G. W. White
have bought the business of the
Richmond Saddle and Harness Com-
pany. Mr. McClintock has rented the
Letcher residence in Richmond.ATTENTION is directed to the profes-
sional announcement in another column
of Mr. N. C. Fisher, attorney-at-law,
who has located his office on the second
floor (over the Louisville store) in the
Ford Building, opposite the Court-
house. Mr. Fisher will also conduct a
real estate business. THE NEWS com-
mends Mr. Fisher as in every way
worthy of a liberal share of the public's
business.AUCTIONEER A. T. FORTYTH reports
the sale of McIntyre & McClintock's
stock, crop, etc., made Friday, as fol-
lows: Pair mules, \$220.50; single
mules, \$40 to \$100; one horse for \$30;
cows, \$27.50 to \$45; yearling steers,
\$30.50; 2-yr-old steers, \$36.75 to \$43.75;
calves, \$13; 190 sheep, \$4.75 to \$6; sows
and pigs, \$18 to \$30.50; shot, \$2.50 to
\$4; Langshan hens, 35 to 45 cents each;
cockerels, 50 cents to \$1.05; ducks, 30
to 40 cents; farm implements brought fair
prices; 10 tons mixed hay, \$6.50 per ton.

Bourbon Tobacco Sales.

LAST week J. W. Thomas, Jr., of this
city, sold twelve hogheads of tobacco
at Cincinnati, at an average price of
\$18.22. Nichols & Bro., of Bourbon,
sold five hogheads at \$12.50, \$11.75,
\$11.25, \$10 and \$10.25.

Examining Trial Set.

THE examining trial of Emmett
Kirk and Lou Anderson, colored,
charged with being accessories to the
shooting of John Shea, the L. & N.
night watchman, is set for ten o'clock
to-morrow morning, before Judge
Webb.

Thos. Woodford Estate Rented.

THE landed estate on Cane Ridge of
Thos. Woodford, deceased, was publicly
rented Saturday as follows by Auction-
eer Forsyth, for the executors: Tract
No. 1, about 273 acres, to Catesby
Woodford, at \$3.80 per acre; tract No.
2, 116 acres, to same at \$3.80; tract No.
3, about 54 acres, to same, at \$3.90;
tract No. 4, about 147 acres, to R. P.
Hopkins, at \$3.85; tract No. 5, about
132 acres, to Brice Steel, at \$3.75; tract
No. 6, 100 acres, J. D. Ockerman, at \$4;
tract No. 7, about 147 acres, to Will
Simms, \$4; tract No. 8, 32 acres, B. F.
Walls, at \$7.60. The warehouse was
rented at \$30 to J. D. Powell.

Paris Wants The Oratorical Contest.

THE executive committee of the Inter-
Collegiate Oratorical Association met
Saturday at the Phoenix Hotel in Lex-
ington, and partially arranged for the
Inter Collegiate contest to be held on
Friday, April 1st. The committee will
meet again Saturday to decide whether
the contest shall be held in Paris, Lex-
ington or Frankfort. Paris has a splen-
did chance to secure the contest, as special
inducements have been offered in
way of reasonable rent for the opera
house, special rates at the hotels, and a
hearty reception for the contestants and
guests.Orators from Center College, (Dan-
ville), Kentucky University (Lexington),
Central University (Richmond), State
College (Lexington), and Georgetown
College, will contest for the medal.
Each representative will be accompa-
nied by a large delegation of students
and friends.Paris is easily reached by rail from
each college, and it is hoped that the
contest may come to Paris. A com-
mittee of citizens is corresponding
with the executive committee of the
association to urge Paris' claims.THE KNOX is the King of Hats. We
are sole agents. J. W. DAVIS & Co.

Brother Barnes' Troubles.

Letters from Rev. George O. Barnes
show that he is in very straitened cir-
cumstances with a large mortgage debt
hanging over his little possessions on
Sanibel Island, Fla., says the Interior
Journal. His tour last year was a
failure financially to him, and he broke
down before it was through and had to
go home almost penniless.Mr. Barnes is now over 70 years old
and from the very nature of things can
not long continue to spread the sweet
gospel of "God Is Love and Nothing
Else," which has brought joy and com-
fort to so many hearts, bowed down in
doubt and woe. * * * It is
suggested that in each community in
which he and Miss Marie have
spread the glad tidings, a self-appointed
committee shall take the matter of
soliciting subscriptions in hand and give
Mr. Barnes' friends the chance that
they should gladly accept to help him
who has done so much for them.WE are sole agents for Manhattan,
Eagle and Garland shirts.

J. W. DAVIS & Co.

In Judge Purnell's Court.

Gilbert Puckett, who claims to be
from Eastern Kentucky, was examined
in Judge Purnell's court, Saturday, and
held to Circuit Court, charged with
grand larceny. Puckett is held for
stealing a lot of clothing from Ben
Skillman, of near North Middletown.
Constable Joe Williams arrested Puckett
in this city and recovered most of the
clothing.WALTER BROTHERS, colored, was Sat-
urday held over by Judge Purnell to
Circuit Court on a charge of stealing
bed-clothing from the residence of Mrs.
Mollie Dan Roche. County Attorney
Dundon, who was prosecuting Brothers,
identified a shirt that the prisoner had
on as his own property. Constable
Williams secured the other shirts and
blankets and sheets from parties to
whom they had been sold by Brothers.Sanford Johnson, colored, for threaten-
ing to decapitate his wife, and otherwise
making his home unpleasant, was given
twenty-five days at hard labor and costs
by Judge Purnell.WHISKERS removed from collars and
cuffs by the Bourbon Steam Laundry.

A Bad Fish Law Proposed.

HOUSE BILL 72, is a bill introduced at
Frankfort "relating to the taking or
catching of fish" in Kentucky. The
fishermen of Bourbon are of united opin-
ion that the bill should not become a
law as it would result in emptying the
streams of all the fish. The bill pro-
vides that the law shall be inoperative
from May 15th to March 15th, and
fish may be caught in any manner except
by use of poison, or dynamite, provided
that seine meshes be not less than 14
inches square. Minnow seines less than
ten feet in length by four feet in depth
will be permitted under the law.COLLARS and cuffs, ironed on our im-
proved machine are unsurpassed for
beauty of color and finish.

(If) BOURBON STEAM LAUNDRY.

FLEISCHMAN'S yeast for sale by
McDermott & Spears.EXPERIENCED hands are handling our
new steam laundry and our customers
are all well pleased. Let us call and
get your linen. We can please you, too.
(If) HAGGARD & REEDDAVIS, THOMPSON & ISGRIG are
offering surprising bargains in men's
and boy's stylish shoes. The prices are
right. (If)

SAM CLAY whiskey.

McDERMOTT & SPEARS.

DAVIS, THOMPSON & ISGRIG have in
school-children's shoes extra good values
for very little money. Try them.THE Northwestern is carrying nearly
\$1,000,000 insurance on the lives of
Bourbon County's representative citi-
zens. Call on R. P. Dow, Jr., for
particulars. (260c-8t)

PERSONAL MENTION.

COMERS AND GOERS OBSERVED BY
THE NEWS MAN.Notes Hastily Jotted On The Streets, At
The Depots, In The Hotel Lobbies And
Elsewhere.—Mrs. C. M. Clay, Jr., was in Lex-
ington yesterday.—Miss Emma Miller is quite ill of
nervous prostration.—Mr. E. A. Tipton, of Montana, was
in the city yesterday.—Mrs. B. M. Renick is spending a
few days in Winchester.—Mrs. Cornay Watson left yesterday
for a business trip to New York.—Miss Josephine Jonett, of Cynthi-
ana, is visiting friends in the city.—Mr. L. V. Butler arrived last night
from an extended trip in the South.—Miss Alice Snell, of Pine Grove, is
the guest of Miss Etta Quisenberry.—Miss Annie Holt is visiting her
sister Miss Nellie Holt, in Louisville.—Mrs. A. T. Forsyth left yesterday
for a visit to relatives in Bath county.—Mr. P. I. McCarthy spent Sunday
at Lexington with his mother who is ill.—Miss Lillie Jonett, of Cynthiana, is
the attractive guest of Miss Lizzie Con-
nell.—Mrs. Jake Slaughter, of Eminence,
is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. A. J.
Winters.—Mr. John Peck, of Cincinnati, was
the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Frank Fithian
several days last week.—Mr. Arch Paxton, of the C. & O. R.
R., at Mt. Sterling, was in the city Sat-
urday afternoon and Sunday.—Mr. and Mrs. Ulie J. Howard, of
Covington, arrived Saturday and are
guests at Mr. C. Alexander's.—Mrs. H. B. Davis and daughter re-
turned to Lexington Saturday after a
short visit to Mrs. J. W. Davis.—Dr. Lynn Moore, who went to
Detroit several weeks ago on account of
his father's illness, returned to Paris
Friday.—Mr. L. Frank returned yesterday
from New York where he has been for
two weeks purchasing Spring goods for
Frank & Co.—Messrs J. A. Bower, of the L. & N.,
and Walter Champ, of THE BOURBON
NEWS, have returned from a brief trip
to New Orleans and Florida.—Misses Bird and Fannie Rogers, of
Georgetown, were guests of Miss Eddie
Spears Friday and Saturday. They
came over for the Bourbon Club's ball.—Mr. and Mrs. John B. Kennedy and
Mrs. Horace Miller arrived home Sat-
urday from New Orleans. Their return
was hastened by the illness of Miss
Emma Miller.—Miss Mary Bryan, of Georgetown,
who came over for the Bourbon
Club's ball, returned home yesterday.She was the guest of Mrs. James Wil-
son, on Mt. Airy avenue.—Miss Sallie Ball, of Maysville, and
Miss Sallie May Anderson, of George-
town, who arrived Friday to visit Miss
Nellie Mann and attend the ball that
evening, returned to their homes yester-
day.—Misses Sue Graves and Julia Thom-
son, of Georgetown, came over Friday
for a short visit to Mrs. H. H. Roberts,
sister of the former. Miss Thomson re-
turned Saturday afternoon. Miss
Graves may remain several days.—W. B. Hutchison, of Lexington,
came down Saturday evening for a visit
to his mother. Mr. Hutchison has lat-
ly been elected President of the Meteor
Club, a congenial party of Lexington
cyclists, which is composed of six gentle-
men and ten ladies.—One of the very prettiest dances
ever given by the Bourbon Club was the
ball of Friday night at Odd Fellows
Hall. Saxton furnished excellent music
for the event and lent inspiration to the
dancers to glide over the canvassed sur-
face. Among those present were Misses
Julia Thomson, Mary Bryan, Bird
Rogers, Fannie Rogers, Sue Graves,
Daisy Long, Sallie May Anderson, of
Georgetown; Bettie Coumbs, Dallas,
Texas; Sallie Ball, Maysville; Agnes
Wyman, Chillicothe, O.; Alice Snell,
Clark; Sallie Joe Hedges, Louise Bash-
ford, Etta Quisenberry, Nannie Swear-
engen, Mamie Rion, Nellie Mann and
Clara Wilmoth; Messrs. John C. rson,
Will and Stair Montgomery, James
Kenney, Georgetown; John Peck, Cin-
cinnati; Coleman Morgan, W. P. Cassell,
Mr. Shropshire, Lexington; Tom Collier,
Cynthiana; John Barnes, Jack Graves,
Roger and Lawless Gatewood, Will
Peters and Mr. McGowan, Mt. Sterling;
Henry and Clarence Smith, Chas.
Strother, Winchester; Mr. Cogar, Mid-
way; Colby Carr, Clintonville; O. Kford
Hinton, Will Hinton, Ed. Tucker, Ed
Hutchcraft, G. W. Clay, Frank Walker,
John Power, Frank Bowden, Ben
Downey, Roy Clendenin, Stroeter Quis-
enberry, Will Clark, Frank Bedford,
Dr. Lynn Moore, Will Wornell, James
Chambers, Danc n T ylor, Thos. Buck-
ner, B. A. Frank, John Spears, Vernon
Leer, M. t. C. ly, Miller McIlv. in, Noh
Spears, R y Mann, Kirtley Jameson.We are sole agents for Knox, Guyer,
Sigler, Manhattan and Davis hats.
Spring styles now on sale.

J. W. DAVIS & Co.

NUPTIAL KNOTS.

Engagements, Announcements And Sol-
emnizations Of The Marriage Vows.James Conn, seventeen, and Miss
Lucy Rucker, sixteen, were married
last week at Lancaster.Mr. Edward Hite the popular young
City Electrician, of Paris, was married
yesterday afternoon at Lexington to
Miss Margaret Elizabeth Hardiman, the
attractive daughter of Mr. R. M. Hardi-
man, formerly of Paris. The ceremony
was performed by Rev. Dr. Bartlett,
pastor of the First Presbyterian Church.
Mr. Hite and bride will spend a few
days in Cincinnati before returning to
this city to reside.

BIRTHS.

The Advent Of Our Future Men And
Women.In Shelbyville to the wife of George
Moore, a son—George Francis Moore.
Mrs. Moore was formerly Miss Verna
Harris, who visited Mrs. James Wilson.

OBITUARY.

Respectfully Dedicated To The Memory
Of The Dead.Col. Ben Harrison, the veteran Ken-
tucky newspaper man, formerly of
Henderson, died Tuesday at Philadel-
phia, where he had been residing since
last October.Prof. J. B. Skinner, President of
Hamilton College, died of pneumonia
yesterday morning at Lexington. Prof.
Skinner leaves a wife and three chil-
dren. The funeral will be held to-mor-
row morning.Mrs. Margaret Ronan, aged about
seventy-five years, died yesterday morn-
ing of pneumonia. She leaves four
children—Mrs. Thos. Brannon, of this
city, and Miss Mary and John Ronan,
of Texas, and Miss Maggie Ronan, of
Arizona.Mrs. Modey Murphy, nee Smith, wife
of W. H. Murphy, of near Newtown,
died Sunday night of typhoid fever.
The surviving children are Misses Allie
and Laura Murphy and Philip and Les-
lie Murphy. Funeral will be held
Wednesday morning at ten o'clock at
Newtown Christian church.

Stockholders' Meeting

Notice is given that there will be a
meeting of the Stockholders of the Citi-
zens Bank, of Paris, at the office of the
Bank, on Thursday, March 10th, 1898,
to elect a Board of Directors for the es-
tating year. J. M. HUGHES, Pres't.
WM. MYALL, Cashier.

(1mar-8t)

Notice of Dissolution

PARIS, KY., March 1, 1898.

The partnership of J. M. Thomas &
Son, the junior partner being W. R.
Thomas, is hereby dissolved by mutual
consent and agreement. The business
will hereafter be run in the name of J.
M. Thomas, the son, returning to enter
into other business. Settlements of out-
standing accounts may be made with
either of the late partners, or Mr. W. B.
Nickles, agent.Signed: J. M. THOMAS,
W. R. THOMAS.

(1mar-4t)

N. C. FISHER,

Attorney-At-Law,

— AND —

Real Estate Agent.

Office Main St., opp. Court-house.

(Over Louisville Store.)

(1mar 1yr)

PUBLIC SALE

— OF —

TOLL-GATE HOUSES AND LOTS.

Public Sale of toll-gate houses and
lots, on Paris and Georgetown turnpike,
on

MONDAY, MARCH 7TH, 1898.

at 12 o'clock m.

No. 1—A certain house and lot on the
North side of Paris and Georgetown
turnpike, situated about one mile from
Paris, and contains one and one-fourth
acres of land, with all out-buildings ap-
pertenant thereto.No. 2—A certain house and lot on the
North side of Paris and Georgetown
turnpike, situated in the town of Cen-
terville, Bourbon county Ky., and con-
tains one acre of land with out-buildings
appertenant thereto.Said sale will be made at the cor-
ner of the house door upon the following terms:
One-half cash in hand and remainder in
six months, for which purchaser shall
execute his bond with good and ap-
proved security, due six months after
date, bearing six per cent. interest from
day of sale.

W. M. PURNELL,

J. B. C. C.

(2t)

FOR RENT.

My residence on Mt. Airy, containing
seven rooms. There is a good cellar,
fruit, water, large yard, etc. Will rent
for money or will board with the
family and can furnish the rooms. Ap-
ply at the house or at the residence of
J. A. Wilson.

MRS. A. A. BARCLAY.

YOUR SHOES

Should be entirely weather proof at this season. It is also
economy to wear shoes that do not keep your feet dry and comforta-
ble—you can't afford it. We have just arranged a special-value sale o
Ladies', Misses' and Children's Shoes, and also Men's and Boy's
Shoes—at low-down prices. Our January invoice revealed that we
have too many shoes and this fact will prove greatly to your advan-
tage—if you will call immediately.

Davis, Thomson & Isgrig.

NEW GOODS

Now On Sale

FOR THE SPRING.

New wash Dress Goods.
New French Organdies.
New French Gingham.
Choice line of Domestic Gingham.
The largest and cheapest line of Hamburgs and Laces of our di-
rect importation ever brought to this city.
New line of Silks for waists, skirts, linings, etc., just received.
White Goods, Picardy Welts, Piques Plaid Muslins, Nainsocks and
Organdies.
Give us a call and see what we will do for you before buying
elsewhere.

G. TUCKER.

CONDON'S
SURPRISE SPECIAL SALE!To close out all Winter goods during the next 30 days
we will sell everything in stock at prices less than cost.Dress Goods, formerly 75c and \$1.00 per yard, at 39c, embracing
fancy weaves, broadcloths, novelties and whipcord diagonal serges.
Table linens and napkins, large variety, at cost.
All our underwear at much less than cost.
Penangs and percales, formerly 84c, to close, 4c per yard.
See our hosiery at 10c and 15c per pair, worth 25c.
Notions of every description less than cost.
10-4 New York mills sheeting, worth 30c, for 18c.
Splendid bleached and unbleached cotton, 5c per yard.

SHIONABLE TAILORING!

WE HAVE RECEIVED A SPLENDID STOCK OF

IMPORTED SUITINGS AND TROUSERINGS

FOR FALL AND WINTER.

Our Prices are lower than any house in Central Kentucky, where
quality and style are considered. We ask you to give us a call.

F. P. LOWRY & CO.,

FINE MERCHANT TAILORS.

S. E. HIRSON, Jailer

REMEMBER, WE HAVE OUR

SPRING GOODS,

and that we make a first-class Suit for \$20.00.

OUR GUARANTEE:

We make every garment to order, and do
not send out any ready made clothing. Every
garment is handled only by first-class tailors,
and is guaranteed to fit.

LAVIN & HUKILL.

Central Hotel Building.



BIRTHINGTON'S WASHDAY

never allowed the Father of his
Country to dance with joy at the
sight of a well laundered shirt,
cuff or collar, because he wasn't
initiated into the secrets of those
up-to-date articles. Those who
live in Paris know a good thing
when they see it, though, and the
finish, color and perfect work done
on their linen is our best advertise-
ment.

The Bourbon Steam Laundry,

W. M. HINTON, JR., & BRO., Proprietors.

Telephone No. 4.

THE BOURBON NEWS.

[Eighteenth Year—Established 1881.]

Published Every Tuesday and Friday by
WALTER CHAMP, Editor and Owner
BRUCE MILLER, Editor and Owner

IF SHE HAD LIVED.

If she had lived—how sweetly sad the thought;
Of all she might have been; what different ways
Her steps had led me, what more happy days
Her gentle presence to my life had brought.

If she had lived.
If she had lived, perhaps the golden prize
We call success had sooner neared my hand,
And, won at last, the favor of the land
Might seem more worthy to my happier eyes.

If she had lived.
If she had lived, the earth and air and sky
Might seem to hold a deeper right to be;
The leaves would sadly fall from shrub and tree,
The flowers she loved might sorrow more to die.

If she had lived.
If she had lived, perhaps each day were given
A fuller promise, as the east unbars
Morn, noon and sunset, twilight, and the stars
Might seem more radiant—earth more like to Heaven.

If she had lived.
If she had lived, perhaps the tide of years
Had borne me on more calmly to the sea,
Whose shore is Life—and Nature's harmony
Might sound a sweeter echo in my ears.

If she had lived.
—Arthur Cleveland Palmer, in Atlanta Constitution.

The Blue Mule of Quotovic.

By Harry E. Andrews.

WHEN Ricardo bought the mule of the stranger who passed on there was nothing to distinguish him from the innumerable mules of oblivion except a streak of thin blue hair forming a tropical zone around his body just behind his shoulders. Whether this was nature's frolic or the freak of some former owner's humor, Ricardo did not inquire. That was immaterial, inasmuch as the mule had four legs free from eccentricities and, as the prudent Ricardo had taken pains to demonstrate, could pull well at the arrastrar pole.

Ricardo was delighted with his acquisition. He could see in it the dawn of a new prosperity, a rainbow of delightful promise. "Mi favorito!" he exclaimed, patting the beast fondly, as he tethered and fed him on that first night of his proud proprietorship; "ah, mi favorito!" The mule placidly chewed the straw which Ricardo offered, but did not respond to his endearment with so much as a wink.

It was a brilliant moonlit night, a fitting time and occasion for an exchange of sentiment, but there was a blank expression on the mule's face that disturbed the impressionable Ricardo. He disappeared, returned with a tallow candle, and held it before his companion's eyes as if more intently to study his physiognomy. Not a shadow of change passed over the beast's countenance; not a blink nor a sign of curiosity was aroused by the sputtering dip. When his new and charming owner lifted his head, the blue mule gazed calmly into the firmament as though the candle were a part of it, and then plunged his nose again into the straw brought from the Valley of Sonoyta, 50 miles away, where things grow.

"Ay, el estrangero!" said Ricardo, reflectively—"swindler!" Ricardo could express his thoughts in two languages, but that was all he said. It was evident that his mind had reverted unpleasantly to him who had passed on.

Next morning Ricardo tied the mule to the arrastrar-pole, fastened the badge over his eyes, and set him at work as though nothing had happened. He spoke genially to his beast, hit him inoffensively with the rawhide as a mere matter of form, and the blue mule plodded cheerily upon his endless journey. Imagine a circular pavement of large flat stones, with a double rim made of two rows of smaller stones set on edge; in the center an upright revolving shaft from which a pole radiates horizontally to the outside of the circle; bound to the pole midway a heavy block of granite, and hitched to the pole's outer end the blue mule. A burro comes down from the mountains with 250 pounds of ore on his heroic little back, and gets his first drink of water for three days. Ricardo dumps the ore into the puddle of water and quicksilver in the arrastrar, and it is ground into a paste as the mule drags that heavy block of granite over it in the little circle. Walking around and around, the beast would become dizzy were he not blindfolded—one readily sees that and congratulates the hoodwinked mules on the happy and honorable way in which they have been befooled into thinking they are getting ahead.

A swarthy, corpulent man with straight black hair and a feeble fuzz of beard, contrasting humorously with his great bulk, passed by and grunted at Ricardo. The mule driver saluted gravely. He saw nothing incongruous in the alcalde's beard, nor could he regard with aught but seriousness the great man of the town and district, sole representative of law and authority, owner of the mills and virtual proprietor of the town and its inhabitants. Voe be to the poor who should incur the ill-will of the alcalde or of the alcalde's hairless dog trotting by his side!

Another traveler came down the sandy path. Although Ricardo had been attending faithfully to his work, a thrill had come to his consciousness at the moment she came through the opening that never opened or shut, the one door of the alcalde's house. He

looked up as if a gracious cloud had passed before the sun in that cloudless, pitiless sky, saw the girl, and smiled. "Mucho calor," he said, as she drew near. Topics of conversation are much the same in all lands and among all classes and conditions.

"Yes," she said, pleasantly, "it is very hot."
"Where are you going, senorita?"
"To the father's store for some chiles."

"You are going to have something nice for supper?"

"Yes, some tamales."

"Ah, I wish—!" But he did not complete the sentence. It was cut off by a snort from the blue mule, now pulling and kicking as if in a resentful state of mind. "Steady!" he shouted to the mule, snapped his azote, then turned to the girl again.

She had started off. "Why don't you come, then?" she asked, provokingly, turning half around.

"Wait a moment, Teresa!" pleaded the mule driver. "Will you dance with me to-night?"

"I'll see!" she laughed, as if to prove that the sex has the same tantalizing instincts in all latitudes.

Ricardo heard a mutter of derision from the arrastrar next below his, as the girl went on down the path. He turned simply. Another voice accosted her inquiringly. She answered gayly, as was her wont, but did not linger. "I'm sorry!" mumbled Ricardo. "It was that Ramon who stoned the mule." But he was too busy with thoughts of the dance he had bespoken to give Ramon more attention.

Ricardo thrived, and the blue mule was his most helpful ally. Often did he call down blessings on the head of the stranger whom he had denounced as a cheat; and sumptuously did the mule fare, as sumptuously goes with mules and in Quotovic. Of all the mules that labored in that quaint desert town, Azul was the most trustworthy, the most intelligent. Why should he have a driver, when he would so honestly drag the pole for the whole of his six-hours' shift, night or day, without a word from his master? That rare visitor to the arrastrar town, the Spirit of Enterprise, touched Ricardo. He contracted with the alcalde to take charge of a second mill near by, and with the aid of the loyal Azul he operated two arrastrars at once and earned double pay. He was the rising young man of the village.

"Azul, mi favorito," he exclaimed, night after night, as he embraced the blue mule, gave him his straw with the little measure of corn that cost so dear, and encircled him with his hair lariat to preserve him from rattlers. "And they don't know—not one of them knows."

I am sure Ricardo had other and suitable expressions of attachment and ad-



ANOTHER TRAVELER CAME DOWN THE PATH.

miration for Senorita Teresa, in whose sight he had found increasing favor as the months went by and whose all important father did not frown upon his suit, Ricardo felt at peace with his little world; but it is not sad that prosperity and peace ever generate the poison that rankled in the heart of Ramon?

One day the jealous one betook himself to the court of the alcalde, in the store of baked mud, among the beans and peppers and miners' kits. He had come with a complaint, he said, his own and others. There was something new and something wrong in Quotovic.

"To-morrow I will listen to you," said the alcalde, for to-morrow was always the alcalde's busy day.

There were many to-morrows, but Ramon persisted till the great man paused to hear him.

"It is a cheat," said Ramon. "One man is doing the work of two."

"It may be so," replied the alcalde, deliberately.

"There shall be mischief."

"We shall see."

"Creame, your worship! It will waste the ore and lose the gold."

The alcalde's eyes gleamed. "Do you know that?" he asked.

"I am sure, your worship."

"I will see, to-morrow," and the great man waved off the little one.

Ricardo and Azul worked faithfully, as to-morrows approached and receded, unconscious of the disaster that had taken shape in Ramon's mind. The latter held his peace and flung no more taunts at the mule, sanguine that he had laid the train for the catastrophe, and had only to apply the match.

"How happy I am!" murmured the happy Ricardo to Teresa, as they sat on a rock near the arrastrars, next day.

"I have spoken to the padre."

"I have told nobody," she answered, softly.

"No, let it be a secret till all is in readiness. Then we will have a fiesta!"

"Shall we go to San Antonio?"

"Yes, and you shall have flowers."

"Flowers!"

"Many flowers and garlands. They shall come from Sonoyta."

Ricardo arose and bestirred the mule to greater activity—the other mule, Azul was ever active, and Ricardo could return to his sweetheart.

It was late in the afternoon and near the end of Ramon's shift. In half an hour his alternate would come to relieve him. If he was to carry out the plan which his tempestuous brain had evolved as he lay sleepless and tortured on his bed of straw through the night, he, Ramon, must soon act; and now, when they were absorbed in one another, when Ricardo's eyes saw no more than those of the bandaged mules, now was the time, the very nick of time!

So, behold Ramon creeping to the arrastrar where Azul was sweating at his toil. Behold him stealthily crawling to the further rim of the mill with an open knife in his hand, while the blue mule, unconscious of the danger, plodded around and around again to the spot where he hid, and the two lovers chattered blithely.

"Diablo!" muttered Ramon, fiercely. A knife flashed once, twice, and the deed was done. With an oath of satisfaction, Ramon crept back to his work—and the blue mule, apparently ignoring him, displayed some petulance toward a gnat which had alighted on his shoulder, then tranquilly pursued the long road which led to nowhere.

For how could Ramon have achieved his ignoble purpose by the murder of Azul? That would have been but half a revenge, while the retribution he had plotted was all-shattering and complete. He had laid the train for an explosion, an earthquake. The two strokes of his knife had cut the bandage from the mule's eyes, that was all; but was not that enough? Azul would grow dizzy and dizzier and would fall in his tracks; the mill would stop, and Ricardo, all given to his charmer, would not notice the episode. The alcalde would soon stride by, for had not the cunning Ramon sent him a false message to lure him home? He would observe the idle mill and the fallen mule; he would see Ricardo neglecting his duty to dally with Teresa. "Ah," he would say, "no such lazy, careless fellow shall be a son of mine! Up, you loafer! Leave my daughter and attend to work!—No, begone! I will not have you work for me. Poltroon! Never come near my arrastrars or cast a shadow across my path again!" Ramon could see and hear it all, and his little soul dilated. Meanwhile Azul pursued his circular pilgrimage as constantly as the earth revolved in its orbit, and the lovers prattled as unceasingly as the spheres sang to each other in the heavens.

Then Ramon's successor came to relieve him, and he would be free to witness the denouement. The blue mule could not keep on his feet much longer; he must soon stagger and fall, and by that time the alcalde would pass. There could be no failure, all was going well, and Ramon, making a skillful detour, hid behind the alcalde's chicken house to watch, and wait, and see his triumph.

Yes, there was the alcalde, across the arroyo. He had received the message and left his store. Patience! But the mule! Why did he not pause? Why did he not stumble? Why did not the earth swim under his feet? Why did he not fall in a heap in the path? Ramon's blood boiled as he saw Azul steadily pulling the mill around as he had drawn it for hours, without a false step, without a sign of distress.

And see! The alcalde had come up. Ricardo raised his sombrero, and the great man nodded to the happy couple. With his business affairs going forward profitably, what magnate could object to polite attentions to his daughter from the eligible one?

But Ramon swore an oath unto himself. His heart was a lump of lead, and beads of perspiration stood on his brow. How he wished he had made another use of the knife! And all the time Azul was keeping on his course as serenely as Jupiter or the far Uranus. All things seemed unnatural and distorted to Ramon's turbulent brain. He had witnessed impossibilities. Now he imagined that the blue mule looked up at him and sneered sardonically, and it made him furious. Then he heard Azul laugh—a long, loud, irritating, maddening laugh.

When the mule brayed, Ramon sprang to his feet, beside himself with rage and chagrin, and started to flee. He could stay in Quotovic no longer. He would put miles between himself and the scene of his humiliation. But a heavy hand was laid violently upon him and bore him to the ground.

"So you are the thief, are you?" said a voice that made him quake. "I thought no better of you, fault-finder! murmurer! It is you who have been eating my pullets!"

Alas for the quivering Ramon, he could not utter one word of defense or protest, and little would it avail him if he could. The alcalde both made laws for Quotovic and executed them. With his strong arm, he dragged the wretch to his feet and led him off to the calaboose.

When Ricardo found the severed bandage, he divined the secret of it all, and he laughed softly. Always a man of gentle moods, he was too happy now to harbor a grudge. "Ah, mi favorito," he said to the mule as he caressed him that night, "he did not know that you are blind! He did not know that it was all the same to you!" And Azul wore garlands, as well as Teresa, when they rode to the little adobe church at San Antonio, where Padre Francisco married and blessed them.

"Your blessing on Azul, too," craved Ricardo, with a coin in his hand—and the holy man's benediction rested on the blue mule of Quotovic.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Memory Quickened.

Dude (to barber)—How much do I owe you?

Barber—The same as you usually pay, sir.

"I don't take the trouble to remember what you have charged! How much is it?"

"Twenty cents."

"O, but you have charged me only 15 cents before!"—Humoristische Blaetter.

TRAINING OF FIREMEN.

All Are Athletes and No Cowards Get Into the Department.

Firemen are athletes as a matter of course. They have to be, or they could not hold their places for a week, even if they could get into them at all. The mere handling of the scaling-ladders, which, light though they seem, weigh from 16 to 40 pounds, requires unusual strength. No particular skill is needed. A man need only have steady nerve, and the strength to raise the long pole by its narrow end, and jam the iron hook through a window which he cannot see, but knows is there. Once through, the teeth in the hook and the man's weight upon the ladder hold it safe, and there is no real danger unless he loses his head. Against that possibility the severe drill in the school of instruction is the barrier. Anyone to whom climbing at dizzy heights, or doing the hundred and one things of peril to ordinary men which firemen are constantly called upon to do, causes the least discomfort, is rejected as unfit. About five per cent. of all appointees are eliminated by the ladder test, and never get beyond their probation service. A certain smaller percentage takes itself out through loss of "nerve," generally. The first experience of a room full of smothering smoke, with the fire roaring overhead, is generally sufficient to convince the timid that the service is not for him. No cowards are dismissed from the department, for the reason that none get into it.

The notion that there is a life-saving corps apart from the general body of firemen rests upon a mistake. They are one. Every fireman nowadays must pass muster at life-saving drill, must climb to the top of any building on his scaling-ladder, slide down with a rescued comrade, or jump without hesitation from the third story into the life-net spread below. By such training the men are fitted for their work, and the occasion comes soon that puts them to the test. It came to Daniel J. Meagher, foreman of Hook and Ladder company No. 3, when, in the midnight hour, a woman hung from the fifth-story window of a burning building, and the longest ladder at hand fell short ten or a dozen feet of reaching her. The boldest man in the crew had vainly attempted to reach her, and in the effort had sprained his foot. There were no scaling-ladders then. Meagher ordered the rest to plant the ladder on the stoop and hold it out from the building so that he might reach the very topmost step. Balanced thus where the slightest tremor might have caused ladder and all to crash to the ground, he bade the woman drop, and receiving her in his arms carried her down safe.—Jacob A. Riis, in Century.

THE MIGHTY MISSISSIPPI.

Greatest of All the River Systems Upon the Earth.

How many Americans appreciate the grandeur of their country's geography? How many know that there is no river system on earth which even distantly compares with that of the Mississippi and its tributaries?

The census tells us that these rivers, all flowing through one channel into the Gulf of Mexico, aggregate more than 100,000 miles in length. The Amazon, the Nile, the Ganges, and all the rest of the great river systems on earth put together scarcely approach this magnificent showing.

Think of it! A steamboat leaving Pittsburgh can visit 23 states without passing through any artificial channel. She can go up the Allegheny and Monongahela, the Big Sandy, the Kentucky, the Wabash, the Tennessee, and the Cumberland—clear into Alabama—before reaching the mouth of the Ohio.

Below Cairo she can traverse not only the Mississippi, but the St. Francois, the Arkansas, the White, the Red, the Yazoo, the Tallahatchee, the Yalobusha, the Ouachita, the great bayous, and all the tributaries of these streams.

Above Cairo lie the Upper Mississippi, the Illinois, the Missouri, the Yellowstone, the Platte, the Big Horn, and a score of tributaries to all these. The supposititious steamboat can land at 1,050 towns and cities on her way.

These rivers drain an area of 1,683,303 square miles, occupied by a population of 24,298,332 in 1890.

The commerce of this great river system was carried on in 1889 by 7,453 vessels, with an aggregate tonnage of 3,393,379, and a value of \$15,535,005.

And so rich is that commerce that its annual gross earnings exceed the total value of the craft engaged in it by nearly a million dollars. It carries nearly eleven million passengers and nearly thirty-three million tons of freight per year.

And this is only one of the great river systems of our country.—George Cary Eggleston, in N. Y. World.

Mountain Torrents in the Rockies.

Scattered among the foot-hills of the Rockies are rivers still more willful in their habits. Instead of keeping to their duties in a methodical way, they rush their annual work through in a month or two; then they take long vacations. For months together they carry no water at all; and one may plant and build and live and sleep in their deserted beds—but beware! Without warning they resume active business. Maybe on a Sunday, or in the middle of the night, a storm-cloud visits the mountains. There is a roar, a crashing, and down comes a terrible wall of water, sweeping away houses, and barns, and people. No fishing, no boating, no swimming, no skating on those treacherous rivers; only surprise and shock and disaster!—F. R. Spearman, in St. Nicholas.

The Reason.

Nurse Girl—I lost sight of the child, mum, and—

Mother—Good gracious! Why didn't you speak to a policeman?

"I was speaking to wun all the toime, mum."—Tit-Bits.

—We never can understand why it pays to be a good shot. — Washington Democrat.

Not Inconsistent.
"I'm afraid of you," said Miss Kittish to Mr. Callow, saucily.
"That's strange," replied Mr. Callow. "A few minutes ago you—aw—said that you were afraid of nothing, doncher know?"
"Well, what of that?"—Detroit Free Press.

One of the Disadvantages.
Though "all things come to him that waits," It happens oft that he Has ceased to want them long before Within his reach they be.
—Chicago Journal.

NOT A CONNOISSEUR.



Flim—Are you a good judge of horse flesh?
Flam—Don't know; never ate any.—N. Y. Journal.

Airy Habitations.
Man builds a castle, grand and fair— No trouble about that; But when he moves in—oh, despair! He finds it's just a flat.
—Harlem Life.

Physically Exempt.
Lady—You ought to be ashamed to beg for a living—the good book says you should earn your living by the sweat of your brow.
Beggar—I know, lady; but yer see, I ain't got no brow, to speak of.—Judge.

Easily Moved.
Mrs. Gibbs—Your wife is such a sympathetic woman, Mr. Tibbs! It takes very little to move her.

Mr. Tibbs—You're right, madam. Eleven times in four years, and she's looking for a new house now.—Tit-Bits.



SEEING THINGS IN GERMANY.

Effectually Done.
"Do you have your shirts done up at a laundry?" asked Hojack.
"I do," replied Tomdick, "and it requires only about three washings to do them up very exhaustively."—Detroit Free Press.

A Final Need.
Brown—There are many societies for the prevention of this, that and the other.

Smith—Yes. We'll soon need a society for the prevention of the societies for prevention.—N. Y. Truth.

After the Boom.

Woolsey West—Ten years ago all the land around here sold for a dollar and a quarter an acre.

Hudson River—And what does it sell for now?

W. W.—Taxes.—Brooklyn Life.

Double Demand for Footwear.

Mrs. Scrimp—Johnny needs a new pair of shoes, Silas.

Mr. Scrimp—Good gracious! One would think that that boy was a quadruped!—Harlem Life.

An Ill-Chosen Rejoinder.

Cholly—That was an unfortunate collision I was in, but I escaped unhurt.

Amy—You escaped unhurt? Yes, it was an unfortunate collision.—N. Y. Journal.

Easily Proven.

She—George, do you believe that "out of sight is out of mind?"

He—No! Turn the gas out and I'll prove it.—Puck.

His Wish Gratified.

Buyer (entering poultry shop) — I should like to see a nice fat goose.

Small Boy—Yes, sir, mother will be down directly.—Tit-Bits.

Proof.

Jones—So you had a lively tussle with the burglar?

Smith—Lively? Why, it woke up the cook.—N. Y. Truth.

Warning.

Justwed—What can I do that will make you less cold to me, darling?

Mrs. Justwed—Get me a sealskin sacque.—N. Y. Journal.

Talents Worth Using.
"I have understood," said the friendly critic, unfolding a voluminous manuscript, "that poets have a shrinking nature."

"I can testify to the truth of that," replied the bard.

"Well, I don't want to impose on friendship. But it would be a great favor if you would shrink this up into about four stanzas before making me read it."—Washington Star.

Prices Had Gown Up.

"I suppose I can have your vote for \$500," said the promoter.

"Not much," replied the legislator. "My price is \$1,000."

"But last Monday you offered it to me for \$500."

"Oh, well, that was bargain day."—Chicago Post.

Compromised.

"With all my worldly goods I thee endow—"

He stopped—his strong brain seemed to reel—

"At least, with all of them—" he stammered now—

"Except my brand-new chainless wheel."—Puck.

Friendly Advice.

"This poem," said the editor, "will never do as it now stands. I would suggest that you take it around to some chiropodist."

"Why so?" asked the poet.

"Its feet need attention."—Chicago Record.

Afflicted Favorites.

"Queer how we like blind people better than we deaf people."

"That's not queer at all."

"Why isn't it?"

"Sympathy costs nothing, but shouting tires our lungs."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Mixed Relationship.

Mr. Shackwell—My dear, is it you children or my children that are quarreling?

Mrs. Shackwell (listening a moment)—Neither. The children of your first wife's first husband are quarreling with the children of my first husband's first wife.—Chicago Tribune.

Didn't Propose.

Tom—So you did not propose to that dear girl last night, as you intended to.

Ah, my friend, I am afraid you were not fired by the divine spark of love.

Dick—I was fired by her father.—N. Y. Weekly.



SEEING THINGS IN GERMANY.

Unexpected Speed.
She—Well, you knew I was going to open a running account!
He—Yes; but I didn't know it would be constantly running against its own record.—Puck.

Real Joy.
Of all the joys that fate can fix, This makes the heart elate: To hear the bell at half-past six And not get up till eight.
—Chicago Record.

WHY HE WAS DEJECTED.

Holly—You seem out of spirits, old man!

Homer—Yes—not a drop left in the house.—N. Y. Times.

Comparison.

De eloquentest folks you sees Ain't dem dat's done got through.

But dem dat keeps a-talkin' 'bout De things dey's gwater do.

AGRICULTURAL HINTS

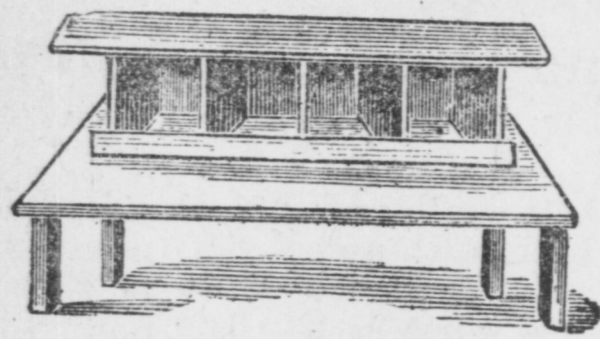
REMOVABLE NESTS.

They Are Easily Cleaned and Can Be Removed at Will.

The more inconvenient the nests of the poultry house, the more probability that the cleaning will be neglected. This means a harbor for lice and this, in turn, forebodes disaster and ruin to the poultryman. Removable nests seem to be the best solution of the difficulty, for in this manner the wash used for cleaning can penetrate every crack and crevice of the nests.

The plan which I give has been used for years in my poultry houses, and I have found it economical, convenient and easily carried out by anyone who can use a hammer and saw. I use the regular siding, one foot wide, such as is used for barns, etc.

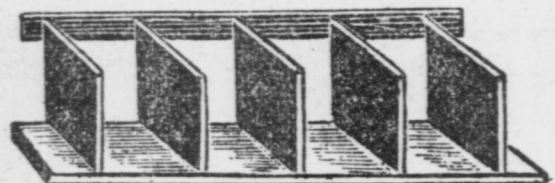
The foundation for the nests is like



NESTS IN POSITION.

a table. It is made of two boards as long as you wish your row of nests to be. Five feet is a good length and will make four nests, but it may be readily made twice as long if desired. Nail a stout piece two feet long at each end of the long boards, on the under side. To these two pieces are nailed the four boards for the legs. This table fits closely up against the side of the hen house and must stand firmly.

To make the nest, take one board the length of your table. Mark it off by lines about 14 inches apart, the first one about two inches from the end. Now upon each line nail at right angles a board, sawed by line, one foot square. This practically finishes the nests, as you will see when you settle them in place, with the top of



NESTS REMOVED FROM TABLE AND INVERTED.

the table for the bottom of the nests and the side of the henhouse for the back. A thin piece of board two or three inches wide must be nailed along the lower edges of the squares to hold in the straw and eggs. I have used two laths, laid side by side, when nothing else was handy. The dimensions I have given are for hens of medium size; perhaps they would be too small for Brahmas and Cochins—especially the sitters.

It takes only a short time to remove these nests—and the table also, if necessary—into the yard and give them a bath of boiling hot soap suds with a broom or long-handled brush. Then a coating of lime and water in which a little disinfectant or coal oil has been stirred, or a wash with lime paint, and you can feel that your duty has been not only done, but well done.

We all know that food and water are necessary to the life of our poultry, but not until we realize that cleanliness and absolute freedom from vermin are fully as necessary to their health and speedy growth, will we make poultry keeping a profitable and satisfying success.—Ohio Farmer.

RAPE FOR FEEDING.

Can Be Used Advantageously in Two Distinct Ways.

An agricultural bulletin says of feeding rape: This plant has a specific place and is recommended for a sheep food and can be used in two ways: First, it may be cut and fed in the barns and is especially good for fixing up show sheep, for bringing up sheep that have gotten out of order, and may be fed in the same way to the general flock. But its wider use is as pasture. For this purpose it is a good plan to plant some at the time of oats sowing and plant every two or three weeks after that until the 1st of August. This would, under ordinary circumstances, furnish good pasture throughout the season. When the rape is two feet high the sheep may be turned into it, lambs earlier, but the precaution should be taken, if possible, to have them run into an old pasture field that joins the rape patch, for the rape alone will not likely agree with them. While they are not likely to eat too much the first few days, there is danger after they get to eating it that they may overload while it is wet, which may result in indigestion or bloating, and in some instances purging may be a result. The dry pasture, even if not very plenty, will correct in most cases all these difficulties. If the first few days are passed without trouble there will be but little danger after that. But it will always be judicious to look after them frequently.

Turkeys for the Farm.

The common black turkey is as good a general purpose turkey as any, with the possible exception of a cross of American black with the manna bronze. Do not attempt to raise the cross of the wild turkey with the tame for it will only result in a half wild bird which can never be kept within proper bounds. Large fields for feeding by day and well-ventilated houses near the fields for roosting by night are necessary to make turkey raising profitable. It is essential that the house for the turkeys be near the fields over which they feed, with no trees between, or the chances are they will roost in the trees instead of in the house. In the winter, house warmly and feed out of doors, scattering the grain thinly over the ground to make the turkeys take the necessary amount of exercise.—Prairie Farmer.

WORN-OUT FARM SOIL.

It Can Be Improved by Plowing Under Green Crops.

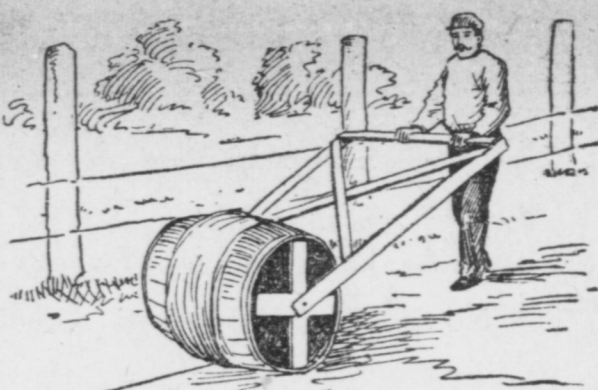
Soils that have been in long culture, without having been in clover or the grasses, or received periodical dressings of barn-yard manure, have been deprived of the greater portions of their mold. And, as is also an admitted truth, that mold is an indispensable ingredient in every productive soil, it stands to reason that, when in the course of improvident culture, it has been extracted, it is essential that it be restored. The question, then, how shall this restoration be brought about, is one of full interest to every farmer. Those who have ample resources, who have full supplies of animal and mineral and vegetable manures, who have the materials on their land to form composts, comprising the elements in question, need look no further for the means of restoring the needed constituents to the soil. But those who are differently situated, who have but little manure and are but ill-supplied with the raw material to make compost, must turn their attention to the best means of placing such matters in the soil as will form mold. The growing and plowing in of green crops is often advised, and we here repeat that advice. No soil can be truly productive unless both organic and inorganic plant foods are present. The air can supply a portion of the organic food, as clover roots can by their tubercle bacilli convert the unavailable nitrogen of the air into available plant food. This can be done only while the plant is growing.

What kinds of crops should be cultivated and plowed in? This question must be solved by circumstances. The facility with which seed may be obtained, the facility with which plants selected can be grown on these poor lands, their cost, etc., will determine to a great extent which shall be used. Chief is red clover, valuable for pasturing and equally so as a fertilizer. Clover is first and no doubt the best mortgage raiser there is, for it surely does restore the fertility of the land. As mentioned before, it supplies the nitrogen supply as none other can. I know farms that would raise scarcely anything, which in course of four or five years' treatment with clover, and with proper rotation, have become very valuable as crop-producing farms. Clover is a good crop for green manuring. Rye and rape are likewise recommended, but clover undoubtedly stands first.—Charles W. Burkett, in Farm and Fireside.

WIRE FENCE REEL.

It Does Not Require Much Skill to Make One at Home.

For a homemade wire fence reel simply convert an empty barrel into a hand roller. Across the open end, two pieces are nailed at right angles and in the center of this, as well as the bottom, a hole is bored to admit an iron rod. The push frame can be made of light pieces of hard wood braced across and on the under side a staple or hook is inserted to carry a can or paint bucket with



WIRE FENCE REEL.

tools, staples, etc. This may be suspended from the rod just inside the open end of the barrel by means of an S-shaped wire, but is not quite so convenient. In removing wire, one end is stapled to the barrel and then it is a simple matter to push the contrivance before you. In this way the wire is not dragged through the dirt and so does not gather much litter. If it is a temporary fence, it is frequently necessary to move it but a short distance and then it can be pushed all the way, but if the removal is to a greater distance, the rod can be taken out and the barrel, with its coil of wire, lifted into a wagon.—J. M. Shull, in Orange Judd Farmer.

AMONG THE POULTRY.

When eggs are kept for hatching they should be turned half over three times a week.

Clover contains more of the necessary elements for egg production than grain, but it is a bulky food.

The guinea fowls come the nearest to being self-supporting of all the kinds of fowls in domestication.

Ground bone is one of the best forms in which to give lime to laying hens; but do not give it in the food.

When the weather is damp the ducks get to eating it that they may overload while it is wet, which may result in indigestion or bloating, and in some instances purging may be a result.

The dry pasture, even if not very plenty, will correct in most cases all these difficulties. If the first few days are passed without trouble there will be but little danger after that. But it will always be judicious to look after them frequently.

The fowls should be fed as late and as early as possible now, so that the time between supper and breakfast will not be too long.

Sifted coal ashes and dry road dust in equal parts makes one of the very best materials for dust baths.—St. Louis Republic.

Some Facts About Bees.

In a colony of bees about swarming time there are three kinds of bees—a queen, the workers and the drones. The queen is the mother; the workers, of course, do the work, while the drones are the gentlemen of leisure. As a general rule there is but one queen, from 20,000 to 45,000 workers, and the drones will number from a few dozen to as many hundreds; but these gentlemen of leisure are very short-lived—few of them ever live to see their mother and sisters safely quartered for the winter. The life of a worker is about 45 days of actual working time, or about 80 days from the time the egg is laid until the bee has died from overwork, if there has been a flow of nectar.—Journal of Agriculture.

A VIGOROUS BATTLE.

From the New Era, Greensburg, Ind. The following is a straightforward statement of facts by a veteran of the late war. No comrade will need further proof than his friend's own words, as here given. Squire John Castor, of Newport, Ind., is the narrator, and an about, respected citizen he is, too. He said: "I have been troubled with rheumatism in all my joints, ever since I went to the war. It was brought on by my exposure there. It came on me gradually, and kept getting worse until I was unable to do any work. I tried several physicians, but they did me no good. They said my trouble was rheumatism resulting in disease of the heart, and that there was no cure for it. Nevertheless I had lived and fought the disease for three years, and did not intend to die, simply because they said



I must, so I hunted up some remedies for myself, and finally happened on Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I asked some of my neighbors about the medicine, for it had been used by several persons in the community, and they recommended it very highly. I procured a box. The pills helped me right away, and I continued taking them. I commenced taking them last fall, and in the sixth week I was able to go to work. I am not bothered with the rheumatism now—the medicine has cured me. I can most certainly recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

These pills are not only good for rheumatism, but are invaluable for any disease that arises from impoverished, or bad blood. They do not act on the bowels.

Lots of boys say they cannot stand the confinement of the schoolroom, who can stand to loaf around a billiard hall every day.—Washington Democrat.

Not yourself? Use St. Jacobs Oil for Soreness and stiffness. It will cure.

THE MARKETS.

CINCINNATI, Feb. 28.	
LIVE STOCK—Cattle, common	\$3 00 @ 3 85
Select butchers	4 00 @ 4 40
CALVES—Fair to good light	3 25 @ 3 85
HOGS—Common	3 25 @ 3 85
Mixed packers	3 85 @ 4 00
Light shippers	3 85 @ 4 00
SHEEP—Choice	4 00 @ 5 00
LAMBS—Good to choice	5 00 @ 5 65
WHEAT—Winter family	3 75 @ 4 10
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	97 @ 98
No. 3 red	96 @ 97
CORN—No. 2 mixed	31 1/2 @ 31 3/4
OATS—No. 2	28 @ 29
RYE—No. 2	50 @ 53
HAY—Prime to choice	9 00 @ 9 25
PROVISIONS—Mess pork	11 00 @ 11 10
Butter—Choice	15 @ 16
Butter—Choice dairy	10 @ 11
Prime to choice creamery	10 @ 11 1/2
APPLES—Per bbl.	3 25 @ 3 50
POTATOES—Per bbl.	2 25 @ 2 50
CHICAGO	
FLOUR—Winter patents	4 80 @ 4 90
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	1 01 @ 1 02 1/2
No. 2 Chicago spring	90 @ 91
CORN—No. 2	35 1/2 @ 36 1/4
OATS—No. 2	25 @ 25 1/2
PORK—Mess	10 30 @ 10 35
LARD—Steam	11 @ 11 1/2
NEW YORK	
FLOUR—Winter patent	4 80 @ 5 15
WHEAT—No. 2 red	1 01 @ 1 05 1/2
CORN—No. 2 mixed	36 1/2 @ 36 3/4
RYE—No. 2	50 @ 53
OATS—No. 2	28 @ 29
PORK—New mess	10 65 @ 11 00
LARD—Western	11 @ 11 1/2
BALTIMORE	
FLOUR—Family	4 40 @ 4 70
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2	98 1/2 @ 99
Southern—Wheat	96 @ 1 01
CORN—Mixed	33 1/2 @ 34
OATS—No. 2 white	24 1/2 @ 25
RYE—No. 2 western	55 1/2 @ 56 1/2
CATTLE—First quality	4 70 @ 4 80
HOGS—Western	3 25 @ 4 25
INDIANAPOLIS	
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2	98 @ 98 1/2
CORN—No. 2 mixed	35 @ 35 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed	27 @ 27 1/2
LOUISVILLE	
FLOUR—Winter patent	3 75 @ 4 00
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	1 01 @ 1 02 1/2
CORN—Mixed	31 @ 31 1/2
OATS—No. 2	28 @ 28 1/2
PORK—Mess	10 30 @ 10 40
LARD—Steam	11 @ 11 1/2

A FRIEND'S ADVICE.

And what it led to.

It is not a common occurrence that a friendly word should be the means of giving nearly forty years of happiness and health to the person heeding the advice it carried. This was the case with Mary Lingard. At twenty-five she was dragging out her days in misery. At sixty-one she finds herself so active and strong that she can do work that would shame many a younger woman, and looks back on thirty-six years of trouble, and to-day, at sixty-one, she is a woman of industry. But let her tell her story.

"Thirty-six years ago I had great trouble with my liver. The doctors allowed that there were tumors growing on it, and they bled me every day in an effort to give me relief. I was at that time earning my living as a tailress, but for five years, between the pain in my side and the blisters I was in constant misery, and work was a drag to me, with no prospect of relief; fortunately for me, however, a friend advised me to take Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and finally persuaded me to take a regular course of it. When I first commenced taking the Sarsaparilla my side was so painful that I could not fasten my dress, and for a time I did not get any relief, but my friend advised me to persevere and relief was sure to come, and came it did. This happened, as I say, thirty-six years ago. My liver has never troubled me since, and during these years I have passed through the most critical period of a woman's life without any particular trouble, and to-day, at sixty-one years of age, I am active and strong, and able to do a day's work that would upset

many a younger woman. Ever since my recovery I have taken a couple of bottles of Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla each spring, and am quite satisfied that I owe my good health to this treatment. I give this testimonial purely in the hope that it may meet the eye of some poor sufferer."—Mary Lingard, Woodstock, Ont.

Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla has won its way to every corner of the world by the praise of its friends; those who have tried it and who know they were cured by the use of the remedy. There is nothing so strong as this personal testimony. It throws all theories and fancies to the winds and stands solidly upon the rock of experience challenging every skeptic with a positive "I know." Ayer's Sarsaparilla is a purifying and vitalizing action on the blood is a radical remedy for every form of disease that begins in tainted or impure blood. Hence tumors, sores, ulcers, boils, eruptions and similar diseases yield promptly to this medicine. Some cases are more stubborn than others, but persistence with Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla usually results in a complete cure. Mary Lingard began with a bottle, and went on to a course of Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla. When she was cured she realized that a medicine that could cure disease could also prevent it. So she took a couple of bottles each spring, and kept in perfect health. There are thousands of similar cases on record. Some of these are gathered into Dr. Ayer's Curebook, a little book of ten pages which is sent free by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass. Write for it.

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1 " Bismarck Cucumber, 10c
1 " Queen Victoria Lettuce, 10c
1 " Klondike Melon, 10c
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1 " Brilliant Flower Seeds, 10c
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Above 10 pkgs. worth \$1.00, we will mail you free, together with our great Plant and Seed Catalogue upon receipt of this notice and 14c postage. We invite you to trade and know when you once try our seeds you will never get along without them. Potatoes at \$1.50 a bushel. Catalogue free. J. A. SALZER SEED CO., LA CROSSE, WIS.

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MILLERSBURG.

Notes Gathered In And About The 'Burg.

Millersburg people will do well to get J. T. Hinton's prices on carpets, wall paper and furniture before buying. (tf)

Mr. Chas. Conway returned Saturday to St. Louis.

Ed Wilson and family will move to St. Sterling.

Mr. Jesse Munson, of Cynthiana, was here Sunday.

Miss Virginia Hutchcraft returned home Saturday.

Miss Fannie Beeding visited friends in Paris Saturday.

Mr. Robt. Hunter will shortly go to Kansas City to reside.

Miss Lannie Layson is visiting Mrs. John Redmon at Lair.

Mr. E. T. Beeding and family, of Paris, were here Sunday.

Mr. Orlando Brade and family, of Carlisle, visited relatives here, Sunday.

Messrs. Alex Duke and Abe Reese, of Mason, were here on business, Saturday.

The revival services under Rev. H. C. Morrison continues with unabated interest.

Hon. W. C. Owens, of Georgetown, was here Sunday to visit his sister, Mrs. Bryan.

Dan Weights, of Harrison, was the guest of his sister, Mrs. Jas. Gorham, Sunday.

Miss Gertrude Thompson, of Augusta, is the guest of the Misses McClintock, near town.

Go to Geo. Thornton for the best laundered work done by Haggard & Reed, of Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. June Payne and son were guests of T. M. Purnell and family Friday and Saturday.

Mrs. M. Thornton has rented her shop, and will continue the business at the old stand. Your trade is solicited.

Mrs. Jas. H. Arthur had a stroke of paralysis Friday. Her sisters, Mrs. Wm. Gill and Mrs. Duke Watson are with her.

Before you buy a buggy see J. Ed Hall's full stock of new Danville buggies. Phaetons, carts, etc.—best sold in the market. (tf)

Mr. John Grimes and bride returned Saturday from Cincinnati, and will go house-keeping on the Ed Wilson farm about March 15th.

The Widows and Orphans' home will be located here. Let everybody remember it and act accordingly. The members of Hallowick Lodge are working hard to perfect all arrangements and should be heartily backed by the citizens generally. While the Home will be under the supervision of the order, it is a public enterprise. Keep up the interest and the prize will be landed.

THE Haggard & Reed Steam Laundry is turning out excellent work. They solicit your work, and are making a specialty of domestic finish, or any finish desired. (tf)

LARGEST and cheapest line of lace curtains at J. T. Hinton's. (tf)

OYSTERS, celery, fresh cakes and crackers, new rhum molasses, New York cream cheese. (tf)

NEWTON MITCHELL.

RAILROAD TIME CARD.

L. & N. R. R.

ARRIVAL OF TRAINS:

From Cincinnati—10:58 a. m.; 5:38 p. m.; 10:15 p. m.
From Lexington—4:39 a. m.; 7:45 a. m.; 3:33 p. m.; 6:27 p. m.
From Richmond—4:35 a. m.; 7:40 a. m.; 3:28 p. m.
From Maysville—7:42 a. m.; 3:25 p. m.

DEPARTURE OF TRAINS:

To Cincinnati—4:45 a. m.; 7:55 a. m.; 8:40 p. m.
To Lexington—7:50 a. m.; 11:05 a. m.; 5:45 p. m.; 10:21 p. m.
To Richmond—11:08 a. m.; 5:43 p. m.; 10:25 p. m.
To Maysville—7:50 a. m.; 6:35 p. m.

F. B. CARR, Agent.

Insure your property against fire, wind and lightning in the Hurst Home Insurance Co., a safe and reliable company.

O. W. MILLER, Agent, Hutchison, Ky.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

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Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Handbook on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the

Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year; four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers.

MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York

Branch Office, 635 F St., Washington, D. C.

For A Few Days More

We Will Make

\$35.00 Business Suits

FOR \$25.00

Elegant Overcoats, Trousers, \$25.00 8.00

Sold elsewhere at \$15.00. Also call and see our new

Spring and Summer

All-Imported Goods

Just arrived.

PARIS FURNISHING & TAILORING CO.

H. S. STOUT, Manager.

JOE MUNSON, Catter.

SCINTILLATIONS.

An Interesting Jumble Of News And Comment.

Georgetown has a skating rink.

Uncle Joe Hopper is holding a revival at Richmond.

Frank Mitchell, of Cynthiana, has gone to Klondike.

Fitz says he will fight McCoy if the Kid has the money to back his bluff.

A mammoth cake walk will be an attraction Thursday night at Lexington.

Judie Howard, a twelve-year-old colored girl, gave birth to a son, at Midway.

There is much feeling against the soldiers who are guarding tollgates in Jessamine.

Walter Smith, of Versailles, has been appointed to a cadetship at Annapolis by Congressman Settle.

John Marshall, colored, of Harrodsburg, was one of the sailors who went down with the Maine.

A company of ex-Confederates at Middlesboro have organized to fight Spain if war is declared.

Clarence Vinegar, the negro wife murderer, under death sentence at Georgetown, was retused a new trial. He will be executed April 29th.

There are more new cases of small-pox at Middlesboro, and the citizens will petition the Governor to have the State health authorities take the epidemic in charge.

Boone Vallangham, under indictment at Owingsville for seducing Sarah Stevens, married the girl Saturday, and was immediately arrested for false swearing in an attempt to blacken her character.

The Stanford city council compels citizens to be vaccinated or pay a \$10 fine. Danvillians must be vaccinated before Saturday or pay a \$2 fine. In Covington pupils will not be admitted to public schools after Saturday if not vaccinated.

There are now forty-three cases of genuine small-pox at Jellico, and the State Board of Health has ordered all persons there to be vaccinated. Persons who refuse to obey the order are fined \$10. Middlesboro has thirty-two cases, but no new ones are reported.

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Land and a Living

Are best and cheapest in the New South. Land \$3 to \$5 an acre. Easy terms. Good schools and churches. No blizzards. No cold waves. New illustrated paper, "Land and a Living," 3 months, for 10 cents, in stamps. W. C. Rineason, G. P. A., Queen & Crescent Route, Cincinnati.

Wright's Celery Tea cures constipation, sick headaches. 25c at druggists.

A Good Memory

It often saves money and also good health. If you are troubled with constipation, indigestion or any form of stomach trouble remember to take home a bottle of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin and health will be restored to you. Trial sizes 10c (1/2 does 10c) large size 50c and \$1.00. W. T. Brooks, druggist, Paris, Ky. (Jan.-m)

HOW TO FIND OUT.

Fill a bottle or common glass with urine and let it stand twenty-four hours; a sediment or settling indicates an unhealthy condition of the kidneys. When urine stains linen it is evidence of kidney trouble. Too frequent desire to urinate or pain in the back, is also convincing proof that the kidneys and bladder are out of order.

WHAT TO DO. There is comfort in the knowledge so often expressed, that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy fulfills every wish in relieving pain in the back, kidneys, liver, bladder and every part of the urinary passages. It corrects inability to hold urine and scalding pain in passing it, or bad effects following use of liquor, wine or beer, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to get up many times during the night to urinate. The medicine and the extraordinary effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. If you need a medicine you should have the best. Sold by druggists, price fifty cents and one dollar. You may have a sample bottle and pamphlet both sent free by mail. Mention The Paris (Ky) News and send your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. The proprietors of this paper guarantee the genuineness of this offer. (25c-1mo)

MRS. LAURA WEISHAUF.

Of Murry, Ind., recommends Wright's Celery Capsules.

Murry, Ind., Sept 17, 1896.

THE WRIGHT MEDICAL CO., Columbus, Ohio.

DEAR SIR:—Last spring I purchased a box of Wright's Celery Capsules from L. C. Davenport, druggist, Bluffton, Ind., and used them for stomach trouble with which I had been afflicted for more than 15 years. Since taking your capsules I have lost all trace of pain and my stomach is entirely well. I can eat anything and can truthfully say that I have not felt better in years.

Yours Respectfully,

MRS. LAURA WEISHAUF.

Sold by W. T. Brooks at 50c. and \$1.00 per box. Send address on postal to the Wright Med. Co., Columbus, Ohio, for trial size, free.

Cancer Of the Breast.

Mr. A. H. Crausby, of 158 Kerr St., Memphis, Tenn., says that his wife paid no attention to a small lump which appeared in her breast, but it soon developed into a cancer of the worst type, and notwithstanding the treatment of the best physicians, it continued to spread and grow rapidly, eating two holes in her breast. The doctors soon pronounced her incurable. A celebrated New York specialist then treated her, but she continued to grow worse and when informed that both her aunt and grandmother had died from cancer he gave the case up as hopeless. Someone then recommended S.S.S. and though little hope remained, she began it, and an improvement was noticed. The cancer commenced to heal and when she had taken several bottles it disappeared entirely, and although several years have elapsed, not a sign of the disease has ever returned.

A Real Blood Remedy.

S.S.S. (Guaranteed purely vegetable) is a real blood remedy, and never fails to cure Cancer, Eczema, Rheumatism, Scrofula, or any other blood disease.

Our books will be mailed free to any address. Swift Specific Co., Atlanta Ga.

S.S.S.

Land Wanted.

A GRAND CHANCE FOR YOU.

After the most wonderful business in Fall and Winter Goods we ever had, we are well satisfied, and now for the benefit of Bargain Buyers we will inaugurate an Inventory Sale of

Clothing, Overcoats, Jackets, Capes, Dress Goods, Dry Goods, Shoes, &c.

FOR NINE DAYS ONLY!

It will pay you to call and see the goods, and you will be astonished at the prices, we are sacrificing such good and honest goods. No old stock, but all fresh this Fall and Winter stock.

READ, HEED, AND YOU WILL NEED THESE GREAT BARGAINS

Men's and Boys' Suits, Ulsters and Overcoats.

Worth \$16 and \$18, for 9 days only \$9.99
Worth 15 and 14, for 9 days only 7.68
Worth 12 and 10, for 9 days only 6.49
Worth 8 and 6, for 9 days only 4.37
Worth 5 and 4, for 9 days only 3.19
Worth 3.50 and 3, for 9 days only 2.29

200 Ladies' Sailors, Black and all colors, 25c, Worth \$1.00.

200 Ladies' Mufflers, worth \$1.25, now 59c.

Comforts, worth \$1.00, now 50c.

Blankets, worth \$1.00, now 50c.